

# Calling All GIRLS

The Favorite Magazine  
of Girls and Sub-Debs

November 1942

10c

LADY IN KHAKI  
—A True "Comic"

STORIES  
COMICS  
*Movies*  
FASHIONS

*Good* Gadgets  
*Looks*  
Etiquette  
THINGS TO DO

A New Snapshot  
CONTEST  
—Cash Prizes!





# Get in the SCRAP!

FOR two weeks during October, from the 5th to the 19th, the schools all over the United States will be conducting an organized campaign to collect scrap of all kinds to help in the war effort of the United Nations. A huge Junior Army will be on the march to take part in the great battle of production! War industry desperately needs materials . . . materials which we have heretofore had in such vast quantities that we have carelessly wasted them. We must now salvage that waste . . . for victory.



President of Camp Fire Girls, Inc., Mrs. Elbert Williams of Dallas, Texas, who has become a Senior Advisory Editor of CALLING ALL GIRLS.

Even though you may already have helped to collect a lot of rubber, metal and rags, you will find that there's plenty more such scrap to be found. That's why this great school campaign is being organized. I know that every reader of CALLING ALL GIRLS will enter into it enthusiastically. Your teacher or principal will tell you what plans have been made for your school's participation and probably will set a quota for various kinds of scrap.

There's a big job to be done, but it's not too big for us . . . nothing is too hard to do to lick the Axis! And you and your friends can get a lot of fun and friendly rivalry out of this drive.

Why don't you set up teams in your class, and compete for speed, or for quantities of rubber, metal and rags? Or keep a score board showing the record of different classes, day by day. Suggest to your teacher the different "pepper-upper" stunts that occur to you, and get her to supervise them. Remember, this is to be a coordinated effort, with everybody working together, not pulling in separate directions, so be sure to clear your ideas with the "Captain" in charge.

To contribute to this great national salvage program is your greatest opportunity to back up our soldiers, sailors and marines. Your school is the recruiting office . . . enlist in the Junior Army . . . get in the scrap!

MARGARET E. JESSUP, Publisher

## THE GIRL ON THE COVER



Here's Shirley Pairier, 16 years old, posing as Calling All Girls photographer, William Ward, takes the full-color kodachrome which adorns the front cover of this issue. Shirley has been modeling since she was four, and now she's a "Powers" model, which means she is well up on the ladder to success in this field. Her ambition is to be a great actress, and she already has nine years of acting experience to her credit, including two years in the famous "Victoria Regina" with Helen Hayes. Shirley's days are so filled with work and study . . . she goes to the Professional Children's School in New York City, about which you'll read in this issue . . . that she says she has no time for hobbies, but always makes time to keep up with non-professional friends.

## CALLING ALL GIRLS

is published monthly by  
THE PARENTS' MAGAZINE PRESS  
Division of The Parents' Institute, Inc.  
Publication Office

4600 Diversey Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Executive & Editorial Office

52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y.

President

GEORGE J. HECHT

Publisher

MARGARET E. JESSUP

Executive Editor

FRANCES ULLMANN

Art Editor

RALPH O. ELLSWORTH

JUNIOR ADVISORY EDITORS

JANET CANTOR

Eddie's Daughter

GLORIA JEAN

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

VIRGINIA WEIDLER

JANE WITHERS

Movie Stars

THE MOYLAN SISTERS

Radio Singers

MARION GRUDEFF

Canadian Concert Pianist

SENIOR ADVISORY EDITORS

ANNA ROOSEVELT BOETTIGER

Asso. Editor, Seattle Post-Intelligencer

DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER

Famous Author

GERTRUDE HARTMAN

Author of "The World We Live In"

SONJA HENIE

World-Famous Figure Skater

OSA JOHNSON

Jungle Explorer,

Author of "I Married Adventure"

CLARA SAVAGE LITTLEDALE

Editor, Parents' Magazine

ANGELA M. LUCAS

Natl. Co-Chairman for Youth,

Natl. Council of Catholic Women

LOLA DUYALL WILLIAMS

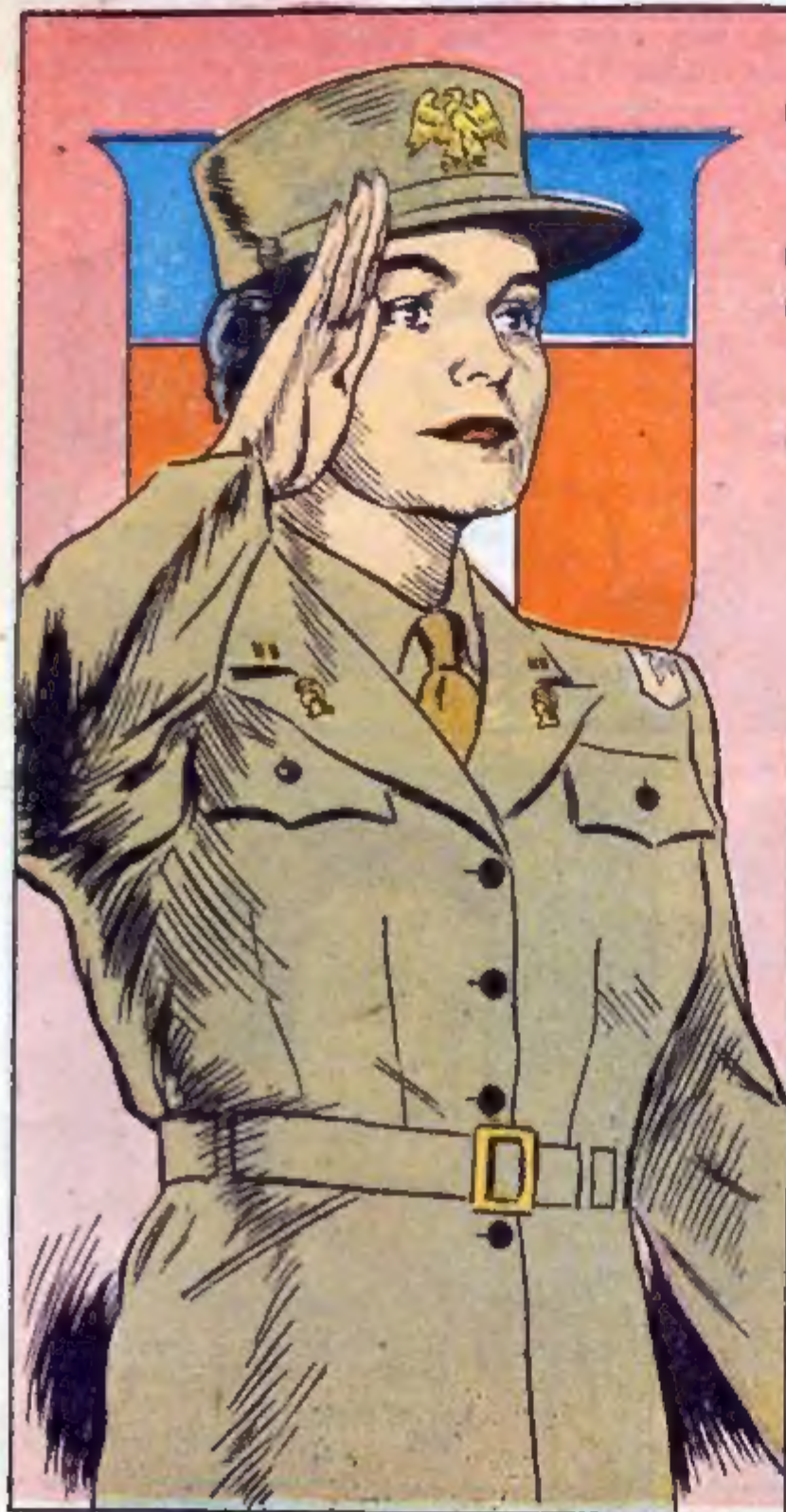
President, Camp Fire Girls, Inc.

## CONTENTS OF THIS ISSUE

|                                |    |
|--------------------------------|----|
| Get in the Scrap!              | 2  |
| Lady in Khaki                  | 3  |
| Harvest Moon over Her Shoulder | 8  |
| Judy Wing                      | 11 |
| Tactics for Lissa              | 15 |
| October Days                   | 18 |
| Girls in the News              | 19 |
| Dive for the Oyster            | 20 |
| Let's Talk Things Over         | 23 |
| New Star                       | 24 |
| Mystery at the Lookout         | 26 |
| Variety Adds Spice to October  |    |
| Movies                         | 30 |
| How Do You Do?                 | 32 |
| Between the Acts               | 34 |
| Gadgets for Girls              | 36 |
| Easy as Pie                    | 38 |
| Be Your Own Sergeant           | 40 |
| We Are Not Afraid              | 41 |
| Teddy Bear Stuff               | 42 |
| Hug-Me-Tight Jackets           | 43 |
| Hats and Flowers               | 44 |
| New Hats for Old               | 44 |
| Irons in the Fire              | 45 |
| The Yorktown Younger Set       | 49 |
| Susan Says                     | 54 |
| Guiding Star                   | 55 |

Subscriptions: \$1.00 a year. In Canada and foreign countries \$1.20. Payment for Canadian subscriptions accepted in Canadian funds. Entered as second class matter Jan. 27, 1942, at the Post Office, Chicago, Ill., under Act of March 3, 1879. Entered as second class mail at Toronto, Canada. Title registered U. S. Patent Office. Copyright 1942 by The Parents' Institute, Inc. Printed in U. S. A. Vol. 1, No. 12, November, 1942.





# LADY in KHAKI

**OVETA CULP HOBBY**

DIRECTOR OF THE WOMEN'S ARMY AUXILIARY CORPS, HOLDS ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT POSTS EVER ASSIGNED TO A WOMAN IN THIS COUNTRY

WHEN OVETA CULP WAS A GIRL, SHE SPENT HER AFTER-SCHOOL HOURS IN HER FATHER'S LAW OFFICE.



BE IT RESOLVED THAT...

WHAT EVER ARE YOU READING, OVETA?



OH, I'M JUST READING A BOUND VOLUME OF THE CONGRESSIONAL RECORD.

WHAT A FUNNY WAY TO SPEND YOUR TIME! WHY?



SOME DAY I'M GOING TO BE IN THE LEGISLATURE JUST LIKE DADDY. MAYBE I'LL BE A PARLIAMENTARIAN.



PARLIAMEN... A PARLIAMENTARIAN  
WHAT'S IS THE PERSON WHO  
THAT? TELLS THE LAWMAKERS  
WHAT TO DO, MAKES  
DECISIONS ON RULES AND  
PROCEDURE.

\*TODAY??



SHE WAS ALWAYS FAITHFUL TO HER EARLY IDEAS.

NOW THAT YOU'RE THROUGH, COLLEGE, DAUGHTER, WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS?

STUDY LAW. I PROBABLY WON'T BE IN THE LEGISLATURE LIKE YOU, BUT I'LL DO SOMETHING.



BUT SHE DID GET IN THE LEGISLATURE. WHEN SHE WAS TWENTY...

THE PARLIAMENTARIAN CAN'T ATTEND THE SESSION OF THE LEGISLATURE. WOULD YOU LIKE TO TAKE HIS PLACE?

YOU'LL BE THE FIRST WOMAN EVER TO HOLD THE JOB IN TEXAS.

I'D LOVE TO!



SHE WAS SO SUCCESSFUL, SHE HELD THE JOB FOR SIX YEARS.

SO YOU'RE LEAVING US TO MARRY FORMER GOVERNOR HOBBY.

WE'LL BE SORRY TO LOSE YOU.



I'M GOING TO WORK ON MR. HOBBY'S NEWSPAPER NOW. HE SAYS I HAVE TO START AT THE BOTTOM AND WORK UP.



MRS. HOBBY WORKED UP FAST. A FEW YEARS LATER...

I'VE JUST HAD A PROMOTION. I'M NOW ASSISTANT EDITOR.

YOU'VE CERTAINLY LEARNED THE NEWSPAPER BUSINESS QUICKLY, MRS. HOBBY.

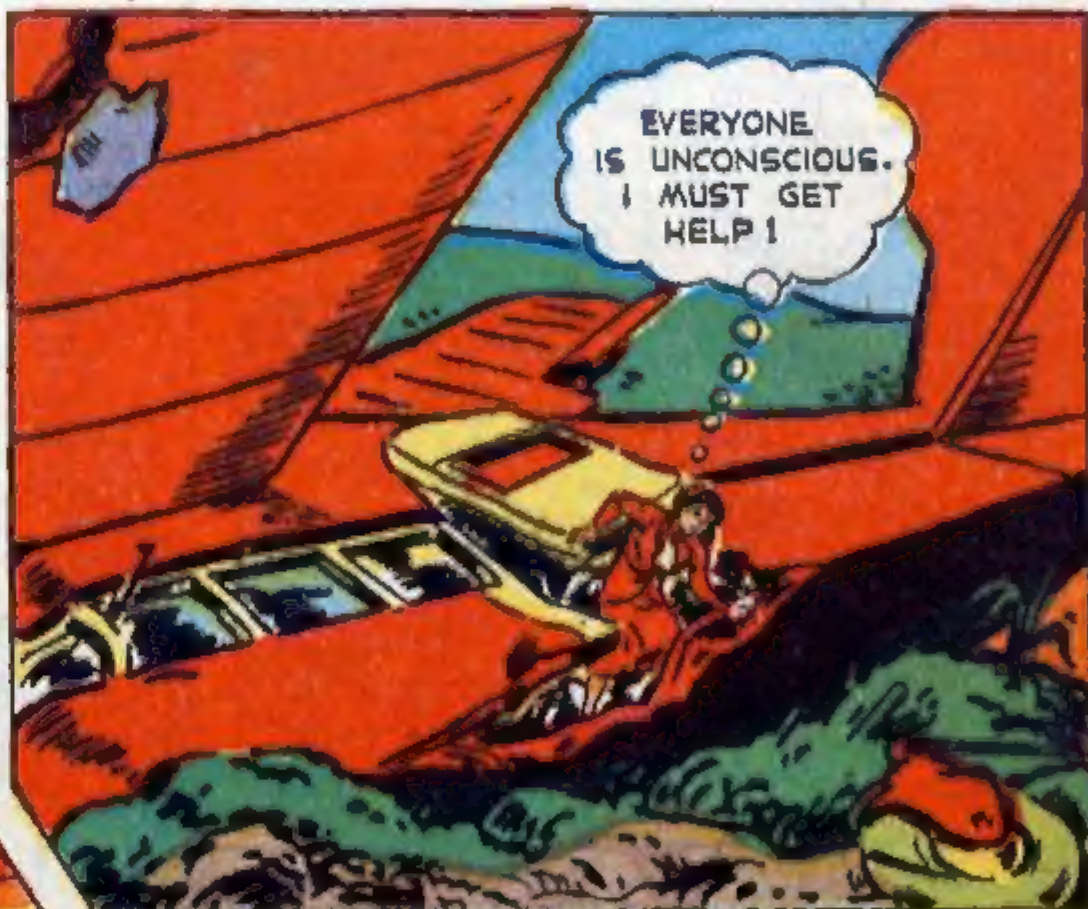


AFTER SEVEN YEARS, SHE BECAME VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE PAPER AND ALSO OF A LOCAL RADIO STATION.

MAKING DECISIONS FOR THE LEGISLATURE IS SIMPLE COMPARED TO RUNNING A CITY NEWSPAPER AND A RADIO STATION.









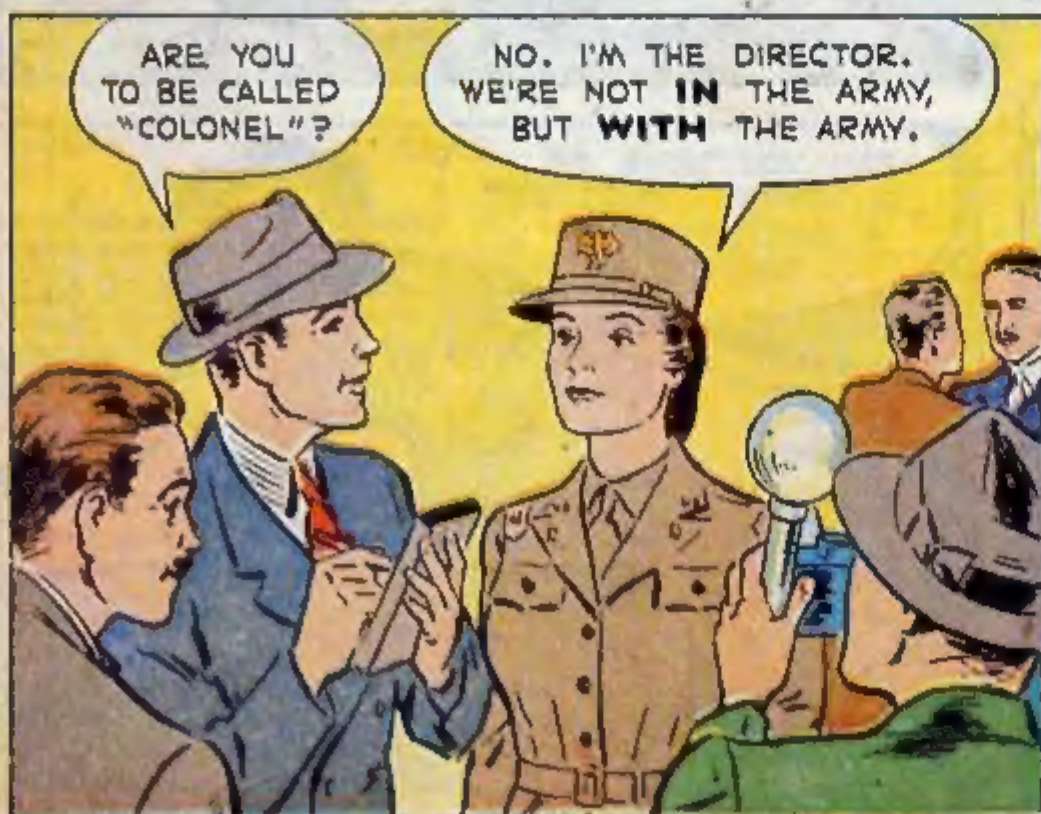
SHE DID MAKE THE ROAD AND GOT HELP TO HER FRIENDS.



JULY, 1941...



MAY, 1942...



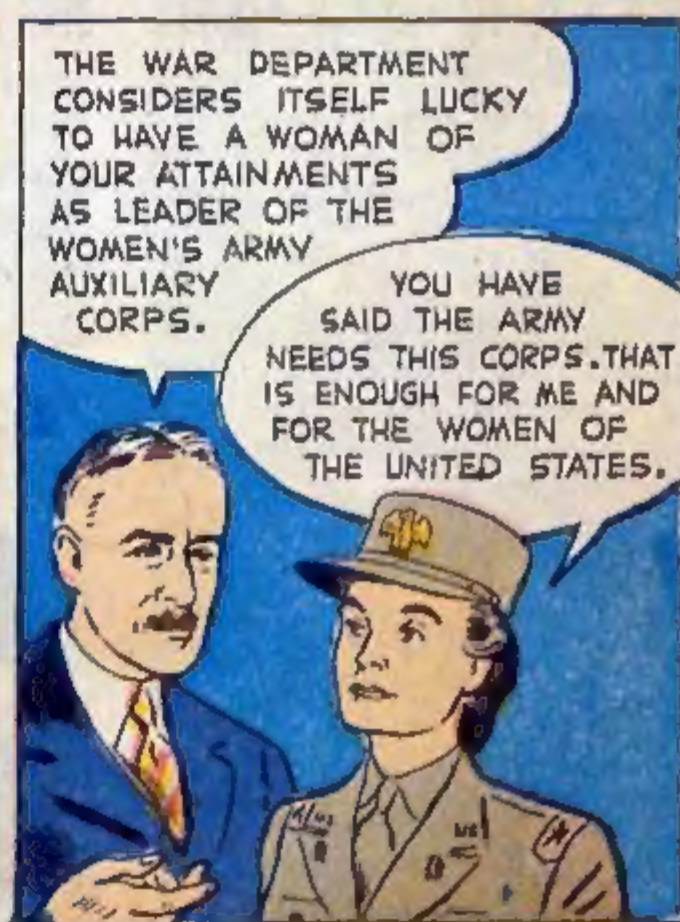




GIRLS FROM ALL WALKS OF LIFE ARE JOINING THE WAAC... HOUSEWIVES, SCHOOL TEACHERS, STENOGRAPHERS, LAWYERS, SOCIAL WORKERS—AND MANY OTHERS.



THEY TRAIN AT THE WEST POINT FOR WOMEN, FORT DES MOINES.





# Harvest Moon over her shoulder

Karen could make the most of a little but would her friends enjoy it?

By MARY BRINKER POST

Author of many popular magazine stories

**W**ELL, that's that," said Doris as the meeting adjourned. "The committee will decide on where we'll have the Harvest Moon party."

Karen glanced longingly about the spacious room with its comfortable, chintz-covered furniture, soft rugs, and gleaming baby grand piano. She thought of the shabby furniture in the cramped, old-fashioned living room at home. To be hostess for the annual Harvest Moon party was an honor every girl in the crowd wanted. But when the rest were eagerly offering their homes, Karen alone had been silent.

"You walking my way?" called Peg to Karen from the porch.

"I've got my bike," Karen said. "I'll ride you as far as your house." Karen balanced the bicycle till Peg got on the luggage rack behind her. Then they zoomed down the hill, their hair streaming in the wind like Valkyries.

"Didn't we have fun at Harriet's Friday night?" mused Peg.

"They certainly have a grand recreation room with the ping-pong table and all," sighed Karen. "I've had so much fun since we moved to Greendale. Everyone's been swell to me, asking me to all the parties and electing me to the club."

"Gosh, Karen, why wouldn't

we? You're a good sport, and cute and peppy. Well, here we are at my house. Thanks for the lift." Peg slid off the bicycle and Karen pedaled on to the edge of town where the Thompson farmhouse stood. She put her bike away, wandered into the kitchen where her mother was peeling potatoes for supper.

"Hello, Mom. Want some help?"

"Do my ears deceive me or did I actually hear you offer to help?" Her mother grinned at

her, handed her an apron and the paring knife, waved a hand toward the pan of potatoes. "They're all yours, my pet. I'll whip up a batch of biscuits while you're peeling them."

"Well, I asked for it, I guess," Karen's voice was light, but her

Karen's voice was light but her heart was heavy. All the way home she had wrestled with the problem.





heart was heavy. All the way home she'd wrestled with a problem. She simply had to have the crowd over for a party. She'd been to everyone's house at least twice since she'd moved to Greendale. But how could she ask her friends out here to this old house? They all lived in homes like Doris Lane's. Besides, the folks couldn't afford the lavish refreshments the crowd always served.

"What's the trouble, lambie pie?" asked her mother, tilting Karen's face up with a floury hand. Her voice was casual, but her deep brown eyes probed Karen's. "Something go wrong at the meeting? Or just the blues in the night?"

"Mom, I—I want to give a party, but..." Karen felt funny inside. It wasn't easy to tell Mom that she didn't want her friends to see how shabby the house was, how simply they lived. "It isn't that I don't like our house, Mom. I do. And I don't mind the furniture being so—so old-fashioned, but..."

Her mother smiled a bit wistfully and her eyes were suddenly very bright. "I know, Karen. Your friends' houses are much nicer, aren't they?"

"Oh, Mom. It sounds awful to say so, but I just can't ask them here. They have recreation rooms with ping-pong tables, and phonographs to dance to, and they serve marvelous, expensive refreshments. I know we can't afford to do that. I wouldn't even ask for it."

Mrs. Thompson floured the biscuit board, began to roll out her biscuits. "But Karen, why not have your party anyway? It's you your friends will be coming to see, not the house. And if you're gracious and hospitable, they'll have just as much fun as if we lived in a mansion. There's the radio—if you have the party on Saturday, there'll be good dance music on the air. I'll bake a cake or cookies and we can have cider or hot cocoa. Simple refreshments can be very good if they're made right and served attractively." She turned to Karen and smiled. "You



"Relax Karen," shouted Brad Kennedy, sweeping the ground with his wide-brimmed, ragged straw hat. "The life of the party has arrived."

know, darling, it's not really having a lot that makes things fun. It's making the most of what you have."

Karen put the potatoes on to cook and set the table. "Anything else, Mom?"

"No, dear. That's all, thanks."

Karen gave her mother's shoulders a light squeeze to show that she was sorry if she'd hurt her feelings and went outside. The late afternoon sunlight shimmered through the tall, bearded grasses in the pasture where Daisy, the red and white cow, was munching contentedly. Every time she bent her head the little bell on her neck tinkled pleasantly, a quiet summer sound that Karen loved.

The girl walked across the barnyard and went into the big, empty red barn. This time of year none of the animals were kept there, as the nights were so warm they slept out in the meadow. But the hayloft was full of dry, sweet-smelling hay and it was here that Karen always went to think things out. Up she climbed now and

hunched herself into the hay.

As her eyes wandered over the barn she thought how big and empty it seemed without the animals stamping below in their stalls. The floor space was really huge—large enough to dance in. Karen's head jerked up. Large enough to dance in! Large enough for a party. What had Mom said? Make the most of what you have.

"Well!" cried Karen in such a loud voice that she startled a sedate barred rock hen that was scratching below her. "I've got a barn. Why not have a barn party?" The hen scuttled away, cackling indignantly, as Karen bounced down from the hayloft.

"Mom! Mom!" she cried, bursting into the kitchen. "I've got a tremendous idea."

"Hey, what goes on here?" snorted her brother Harry, washing his hands at the sink. "The kid's having a brain-storm."

"Mom, while I was in the



hayloft I had an inspiration. I'm going to ask the crowd out to a barn brawl next Saturday night. We'll have to figure out some games to play because we can't dance out there without music."

"Hey, wait up." Harry looked up with a thoughtful expression. "If it's music you crave, why not let me rig up an extension for the radio?"

"And you and Harry can clean the barn and spread fresh straw on the floor," suggested her mother.

"Say," cried Mr. Thompson, stamping in from the field. "What is this? A convention? Does a starving man rate any supper around here tonight?"

The next week was exciting. Karen's invitations read:

We're having a barn brawl  
Saturday night,  
You'll come in the wagon when  
the moon is bright.  
Wear something crazy or we'll  
send you right back,  
For as hoboos or gypsies you'll  
ride the haystack.

The verse was painted on heavy butcher paper, below pictures of a girl and boy in overalls and huge straw hats.

The day after the invitations were mailed, Karen was busy answering the phone and explaining that her guests really must dress up as hoboos or gypsies and that Harry would call for them all and bring them to the party in a hay wagon. The hayride was her father's inspiration. "Nothing like a hayride, chicken, to get 'em in the right mood for a barn brawl!"

Harry and Karen cleaned the barn and spread the fresh, fragrant, slippery straw on the floor. They hung from the rafters branches of gold and scarlet maple leaves, touched by an early frost, and arranged bundles of cornstalks in the corners. Harry fixed the radio extension and built a counter across the side where the stalls were turned into refreshment tables.

"Oh, Mom, I hope they'll like everything," cried Karen Sat-

urday night as she tied a bright kerchief about her head and slipped some jingling dime-store bracelets on her arms. "I hope the party'll be a success!"

She took a last look at her gay reflection in the mirror and ran downstairs. Her hands were cold and her cheeks hot from excitement and suspense. What if they didn't have a good time? What if they thought the whole idea crazy? What if Doris Lane and Peg Donnelley and the others, used to their nice houses and fancy refreshments, were bored with the straw-spread barn, the simple food? Oh, it was awful, waiting and worrying!

Suddenly around the bend trotted Jim and Dandy, the big brown work horses, drawing a laughing, shrieking load of boys and girls bouncing about on the towering rack of hay. Karen ran out the door and down the path.

"Relax Karen!" shouted Brad Kennedy, jumping off the wagon and sweeping the ground with his wide-brimmed, ragged straw hat. "The situation is well in hand. The life of the party has arrived!"

"What a ride!" shrieked Peg, shaking hay out of her flaring red and blue shirt. "Come on, hobo, here's where we cut a rug and no tables to knock over, either," she cried, dragging Brad into the barn.

In no time at all the wagon was empty and the old barn shook to the stamping of feet and the blaring of the radio. Peter Howard swung Karen out onto the straw-covered floor, shouting, "The conga line starts here!"

The barn brawl was on with a bang.

Karen had a grand time whenever she let herself stop worrying about whether her guests were enjoying themselves. When the party seemed to be simmering down too much and the radio developed a sudden attack of static, she suggested "Murder."

So they turned out all the lights, giggling and shrieking in the dark. Brad was elected

(Continued on page 48)



"There's something in this barn!" Doris shrieked and there was a real note of terror in her voice. Pandemonium reigned in the dark barn.



# JUDY WING

SHE SAVES A LIFE



GOOD MORNING!  
GOING UPSTAIRS?

YES, I WANT TO  
BUILD UP MY TIME ON  
CROSS COUNTRY.



HEADING  
ANY PLACE  
SPECIAL?

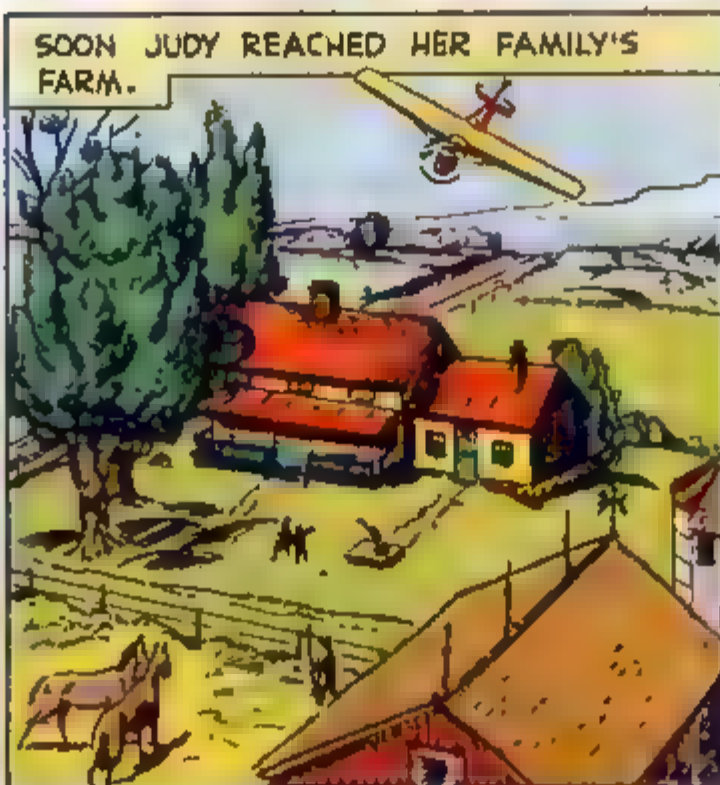
IT'S MY MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY.  
I WANT TO SURPRISE HER.



A FEW MORE  
TRIPS LIKE THIS, JINX,  
AND MY LOG BOOK  
WILL BEGIN TO BE  
IMPRESSIVE.

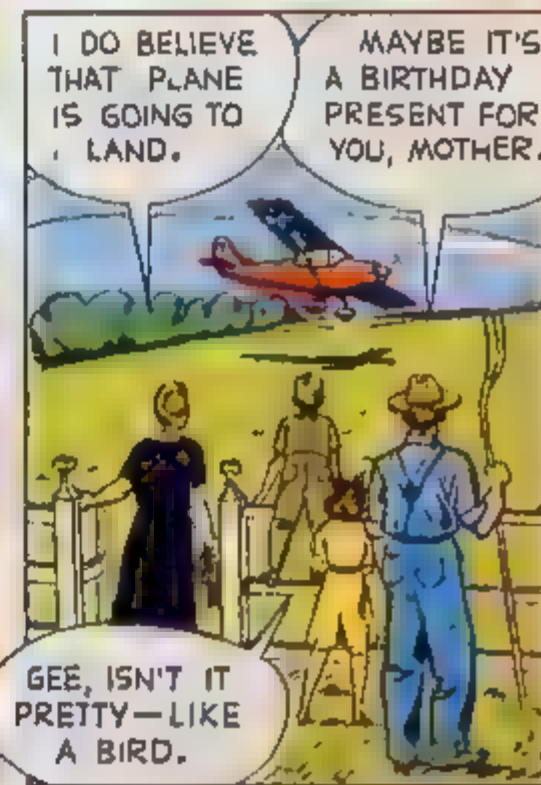


SOON JUDY REACHED HER FAMILY'S  
FARM.



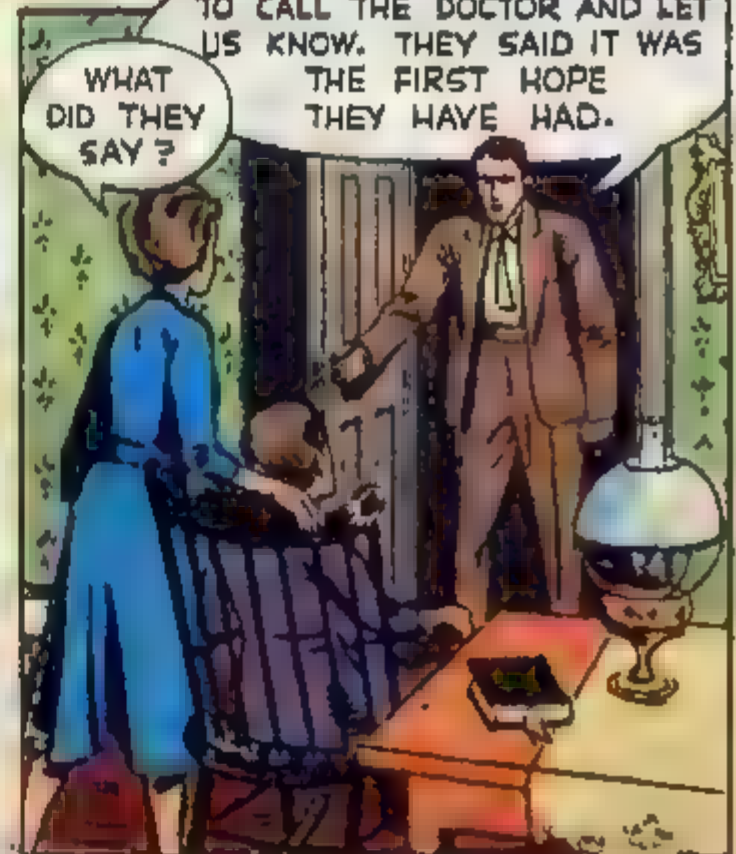
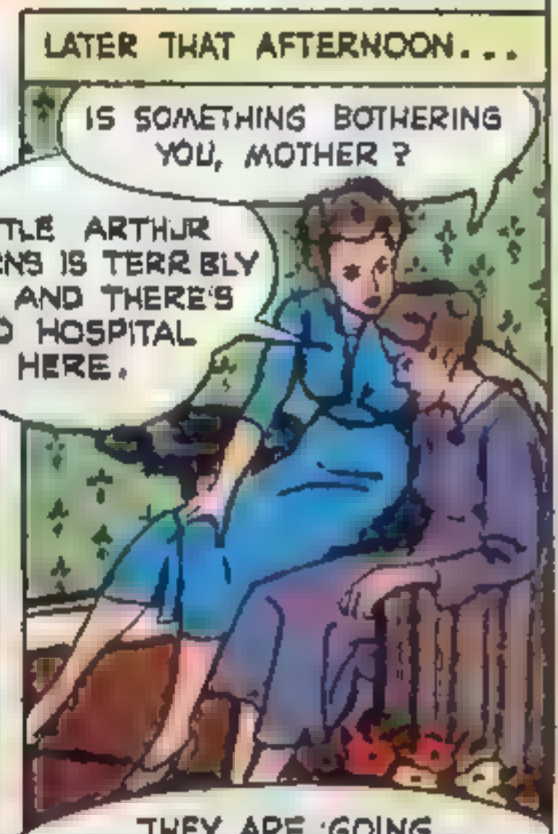
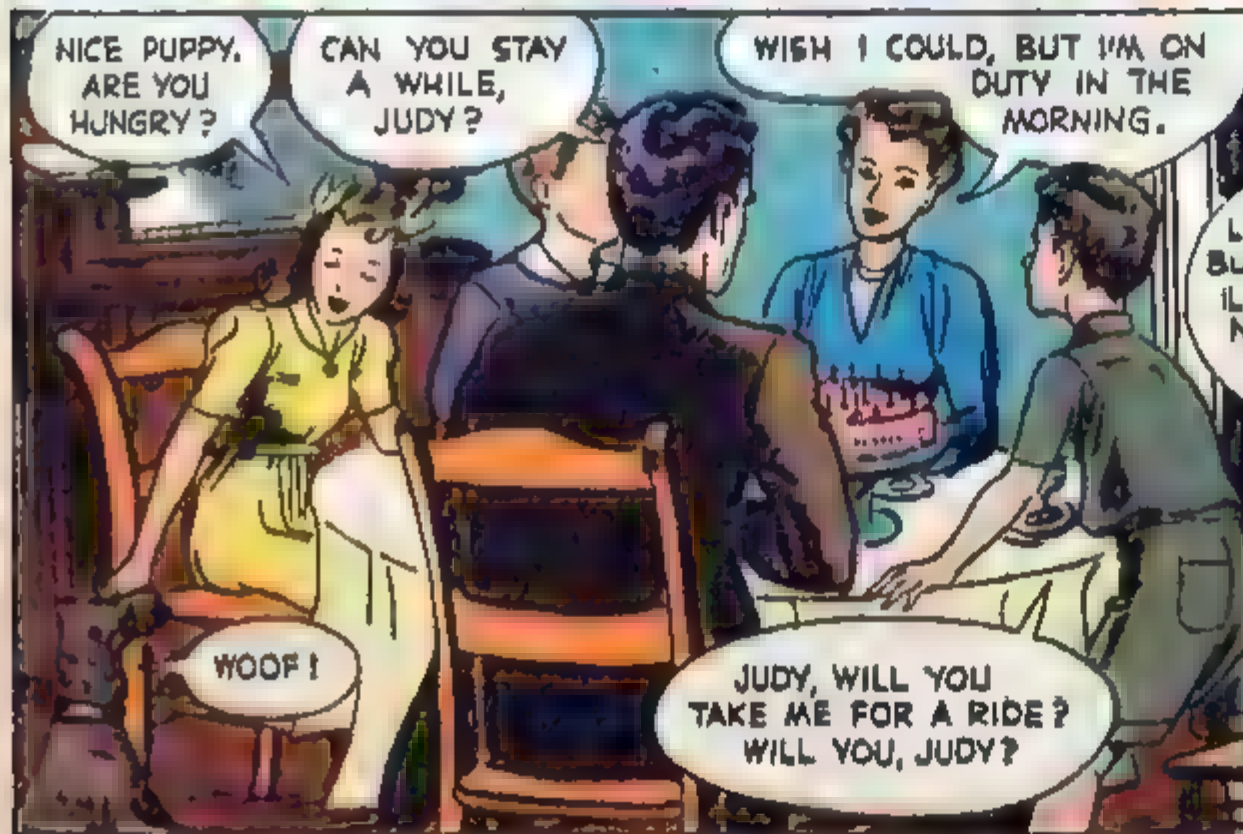
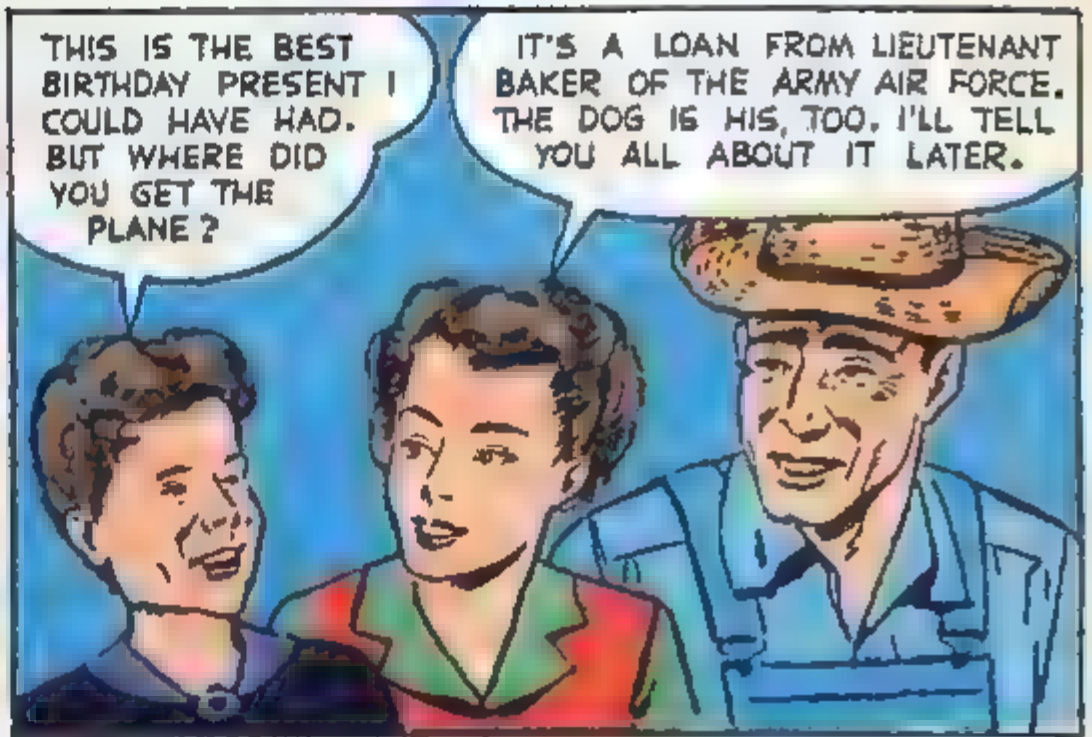
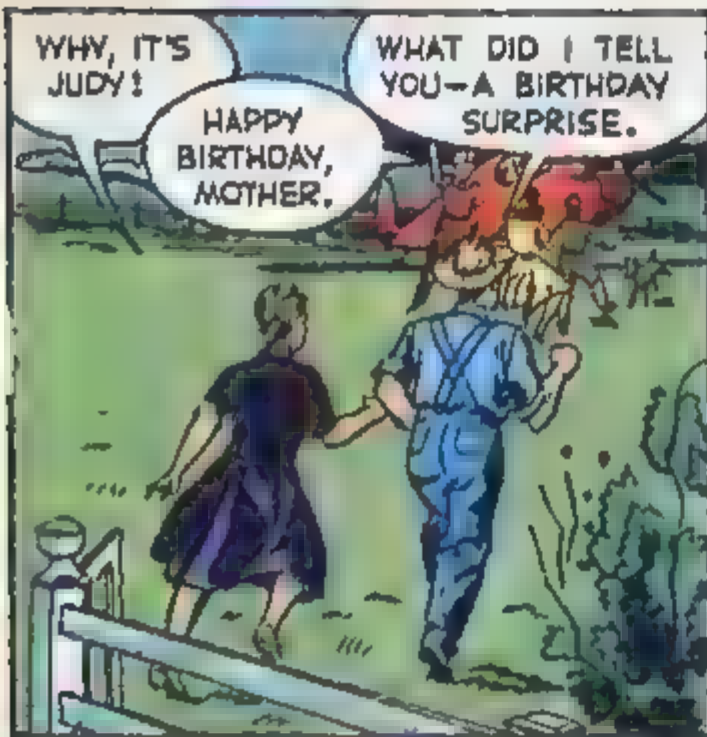
I DO BELIEVE  
THAT PLANE  
IS GOING TO  
LAND.

MAYBE IT'S  
A BIRTHDAY  
PRESENT FOR  
YOU, MOTHER.

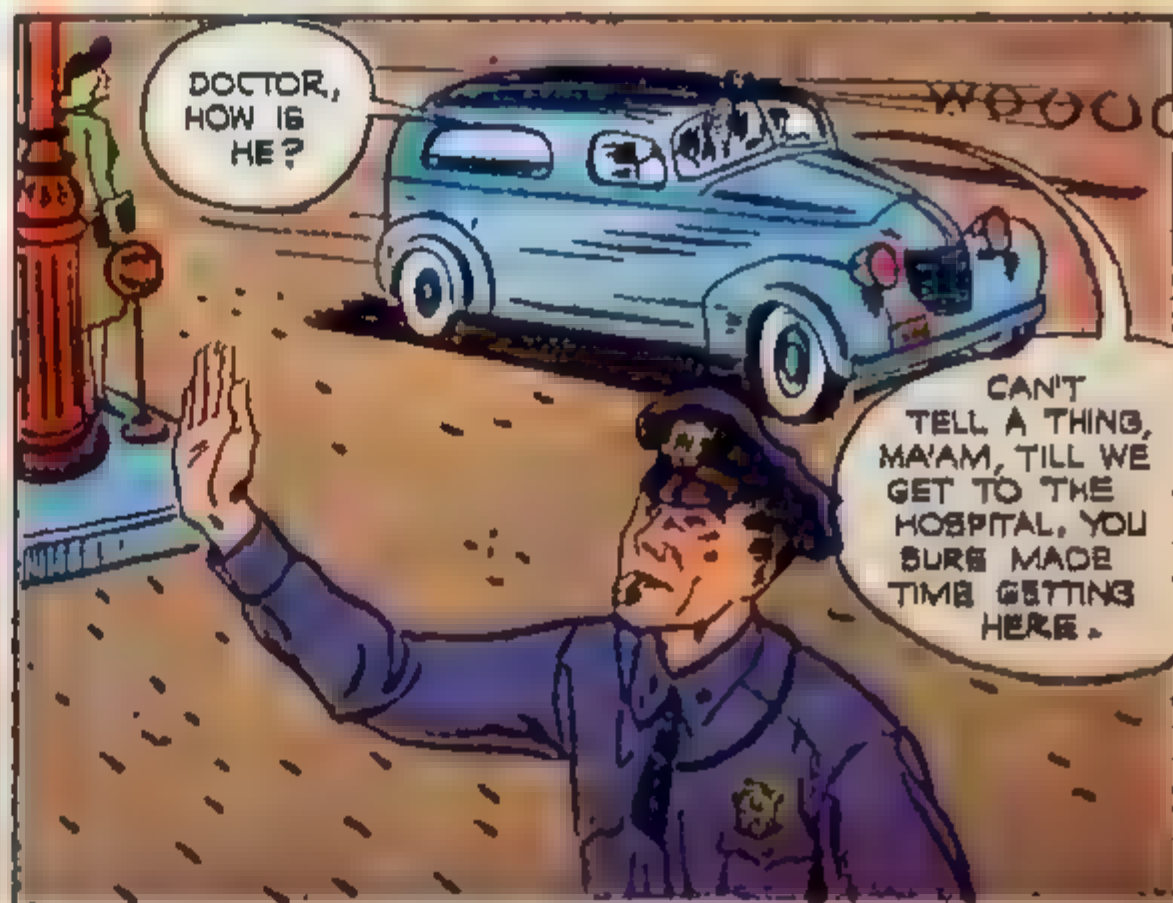
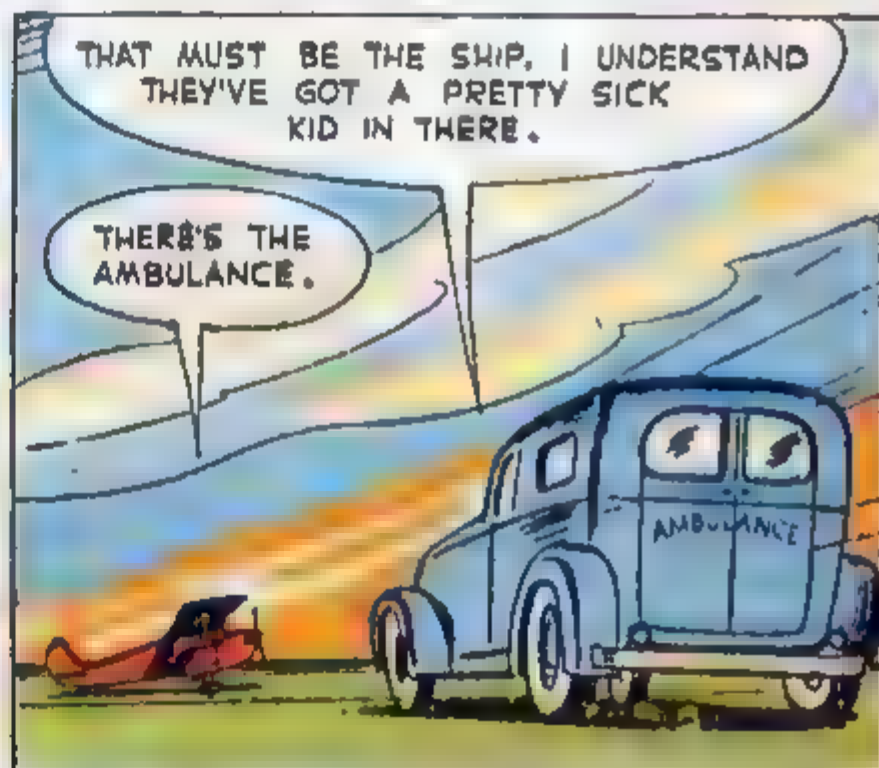


GEE, ISN'T IT  
PRETTY—LIKE  
A BIRD.











AFTER SEVERAL HOURS...

IT HAS BEEN HOURS SINCE I'VE HEARD ANYTHING. WHY DOESN'T THE DOCTOR LET ME KNOW?

IT CAN'T BE MUCH LONGER. TRY TO BE BRAVE.

LATER — GOOD NEWS!

THE BOY'S IN AN OXYGEN TENT AND IMPROVING RAPIDLY. HE SHOULD BE OUT OF DANGER IN 24 HOURS. A FEW MORE HOURS AND HE WOULDN'T HAVE HAD A CHANCE.

JUDY! MY BABY'S GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT! WE OWE IT ALL TO YOU!

I HAVE TO GET BACK NOW. TELL ARTHUR WHEN HE'S BETTER, I'LL TAKE HIM FOR A REAL AIRPLANE RIDE!

I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU, JUDY.

HOW DID THE KID MAKE OUT?

HE'S GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT, BUT WE GOT THERE JUST IN TIME.

WANT TO LOOK AROUND?

WISH I HAD TIME, BUT I'VE GOT TO GET BACK. MAY I TAKE A RAIN CHECK?

YOU BET! GOT MANY HOURS LOGGED?

NOT SO MANY YET, BUT I'M BUILDING THEM UP!

CERTIFIED  
CPT INSTRUCTORS

WELL, KEEP WORKING AT IT. WE NEED SOME GOOD WOMEN PILOTS. HALF OF MY INSTRUCTORS ARE IN THE AIR FORCE.

WE HAVE TO HAVE TEACHERS TOO, YOU KNOW. GOODBYE AND THANKS FOR LOOKING AFTER MY TWO CHARGES.

MORE  
ADVENTURES OF  
JUDY WING IN  
EVERY ISSUE OF  
CALLING ALL  
GIRLS, OUT  
ABOUT THE FIRST  
OF EACH MONTH.



# Tactics for Lissa



Lissa decided to stop being too smart for her own good, but she reckoned without worms and "bergschrunds"

By MARY ELTING  
Author and editor

**A** GOOD dose of worms," Lissa muttered. "That's what it needs."

"Lissa Scudder! Are you crazy?" Mrs. Meldrum laid down her pen and stared.

Lissa answered, "I mean earthworms will make your plants grow better. You can buy the worm eggs and hatch them yourself." Now why did she have to go and say that, right after she'd made up her mind never to let another serious thought pass her lips?

Mrs. Meldrum squealed. "What a nasty idea!" Then she finished addressing the envelope and handed it to Lissa as if she were afraid it might start to wriggle. "Please hurry with this."

Lissa would have hurried anyway. She was going to be the best messenger girl in the

whole Williams' Fetch-and-Carry Service. First, because Mr. Williams thought girls couldn't be good messengers, and he'd acted very sour about having to hire them for after-school and Saturday deliveries, now that so many boys were getting jobs in war work. But more important than that was Lissa's own private reason. She was definitely finished with the intellectual life. That was why she'd taken Mr. Williams' job instead of the one in the library. For, Lissa had decided, the stuff that comes out of books never gets you where you'd like to go—not to proms or picnics or even to a football game.

It was football that had opened Lissa's eyes. She was standing there by the field the day before the first big game, watching the punts and think-

ing how beautifully this world was ordered—how the force of gravity took care of even a little thing-like athletics. And she giggled out loud, "What if a place kick had bopped old Newton on the head instead of a falling apple."

The fat boy next to her blinked a moment and then he said, "Judas! Don't you ever just have fun?"

As quick as that, it all came clear to Lissa. Nobody was taking her to the big game. And why? The fat boy had said it. Ideas, if any, were a strictly male line of goods. A woman's place is on the receiving end—what her father, who was a doctor and knew quite a lot of things, called "using the right tactics." And so here she was in Fetch-and-Carry where, as Mr. Williams put it, footwork not headwork counted.

Lissa poked Mrs. Meldrum's package into the flowered cretonne pouch that was part of her messenger outfit and began to hurry. The tailored green uniform made her feel official. It also set off her figure and her red hair, thank goodness. Mr. Williams was the kind of man who might just as easily have chosen pink flannel uniforms and made you wear them, no matter what discouraging effect



they might have on your looks.

"Hi, Lissa," said Candy Meldrum, just as Lissa reached the street. Candy was oozing out of some fellow's car like a slim helping of coffee Bavarian cream. "What a quaint get-up you have on."

"I like it, too." Lissa made a note to experiment later with letting the arms and legs go limp and languorous. She had just as good a sun tan left over from summer as Candy had. But you couldn't ooze when you were wearing Mr. Williams' Fetch-and-Carry suit. So she said, "It's an original Elizabeth Hawes design from Gano's." That ought to hold Candy.

Lissa made a salute, hand to snappy gold cap (also from Gano's), and she laughed exactly as if she meant it. The boy in the car smiled and Lissa marched off. The worm episode still gnawed at her. That was the trouble with living in a college town—you got infected with the poison of knowing things. Especially a college town like Boulder, stuck way off in the provinces, where you were raised practically like a goat; just eating up books and hiking up Flagstaff Mountain. What chance did you have to acquire the right tactics?

Well, from now on, Lissa was going to be decorative and as witless as a recording machine—or Candy Meldrum. If she did say so, the decorative part shouldn't be too hard. The rest probably depended on counting ten before offering information until you got out of the habit of having any ideas.

"'Allo." It was the boy who had brought Candy home. He had a lot of dark hair cut short like a good expensive bath mat, and an interesting looking face. The way he said "'Allo" was clipped and short, too. "May I give you a ride?"

Lissa knew then who he was. His father was the refugee professor who had just come to lecture at the university.

"Why, I'd love it," Lissa let him open the door for her.

"So, where do we go?" He had a nice friendly smile.

"Clear over on the other hill.

You see . . ." Whoops, watch yourself, woman. If he wants to know what you're doing, let him ask. "I'll tell you where to turn," she finished.

By the time they reached the downtown section Lissa had learned that he was Paul Cazamian, that he liked America, that he particularly liked Colorado because he'd never seen high mountains before. Lissa said practically not a dozen words all the way and it was lovely. It was what you might call understanding masculine psychology.

"You make a right turn at the stop light ahead," she said.

He turned, even though the stop light was red. Lissa had to cough because she almost told him it was against the traffic rules. She was still counting ten when the cop, whistling and running, overtook them and began to bawl Paul out. It made no difference if you could turn right on a red light where Paul came from. You couldn't in Boulder.

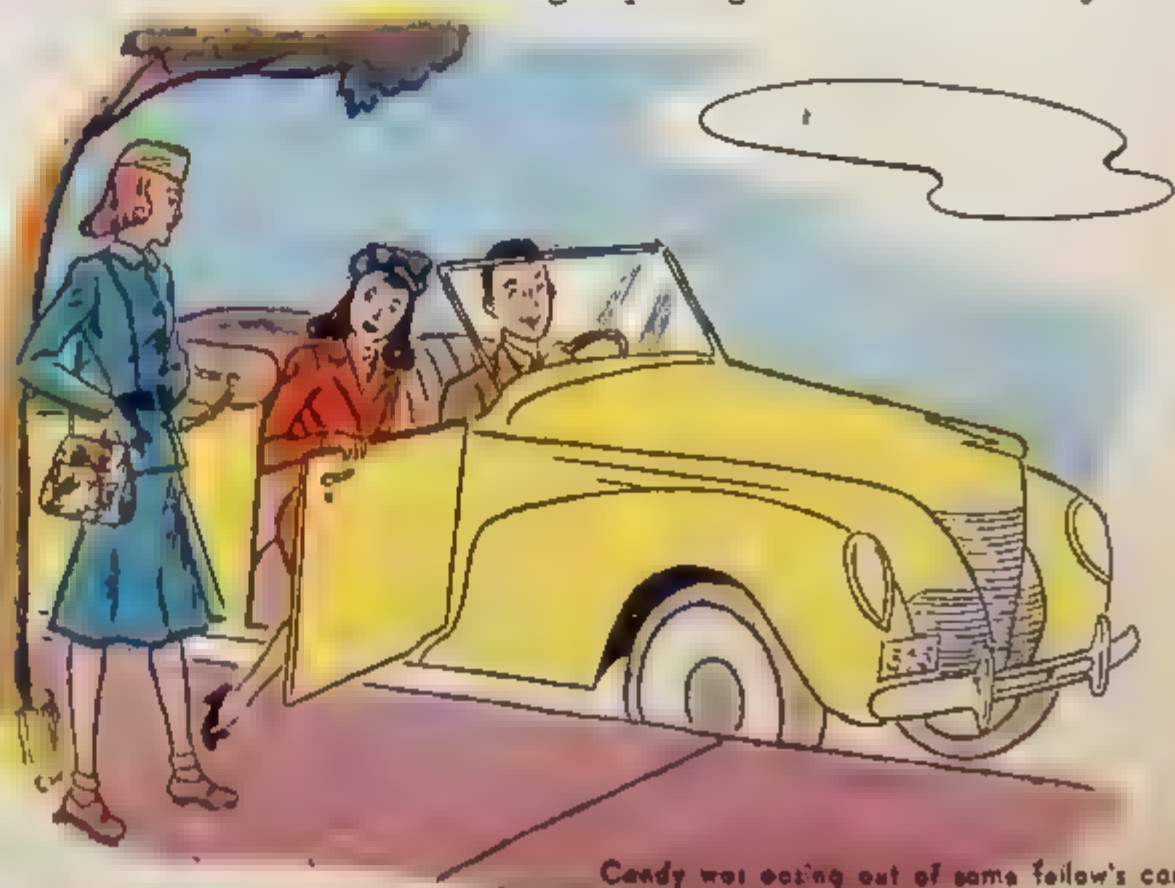
It took a terribly long time to clear up the matter, because the cop thought Paul's odd English was just plain sassiness. On top of everything else, Mrs. Meldrum had put the wrong address on the envelope Lissa was delivering, and she had to waste some more time looking

in a phone book. She was so late getting back to Fetch-and-Carry that Mr. Williams would probably raise a ruckus. He did.

For the next three days Lissa found no use for anything beyond a pleasant smile. The errands were all downtown—the quick call-and-deliver sort without complications. After work Saturday she was going to play tennis with the stock boy at Humphrey and Fitch, where she'd delivered a rush order of priority copper sheathing tacks. He was going to finish explaining to her what "priority" meant.

But she never had a chance to find out if he really knew anything about the subject, for in the meantime the worm affair turned up gruesomely. Mr. Williams was so mad on account of it that Lissa decided to work overtime to make sure he didn't fire her. The stock boy, however, was obligingly disappointed.

And then one afternoon Lissa met Paul Cazamian on the street. He was scuffling along with Candy Meldrum in a patch of fallen leaves from the big elms at the edge of the campus. And when Lissa saw him she felt oddly warm and shivery, the way you do when there's a package in the mail for you—



Candy was oozing out of some fellow's car like a slim helping of coffee Bavarian cream. "What a quaint get-up you have on!"



only even more that way. "Allo," he said with a kind of we've-been-through-trouble-together grin.

"Hello," said Lissa. And, "Hi, Candy. Everything all right, Paul?"

He made a funny face. "My father was stern about the traffic law. He is also a little old-fashioned about discipline. So I can't go to any movies for a month."

"Jeepers! I'm sorry." Lissa felt as guilty as Macbeth.

"I don't see why he ever had to mention it to his father," Candy said. "By the way, dear, Mother told me the quaintest thing. She says you know all about worms." Candy said it in a way that made you feel grubby and crawling.

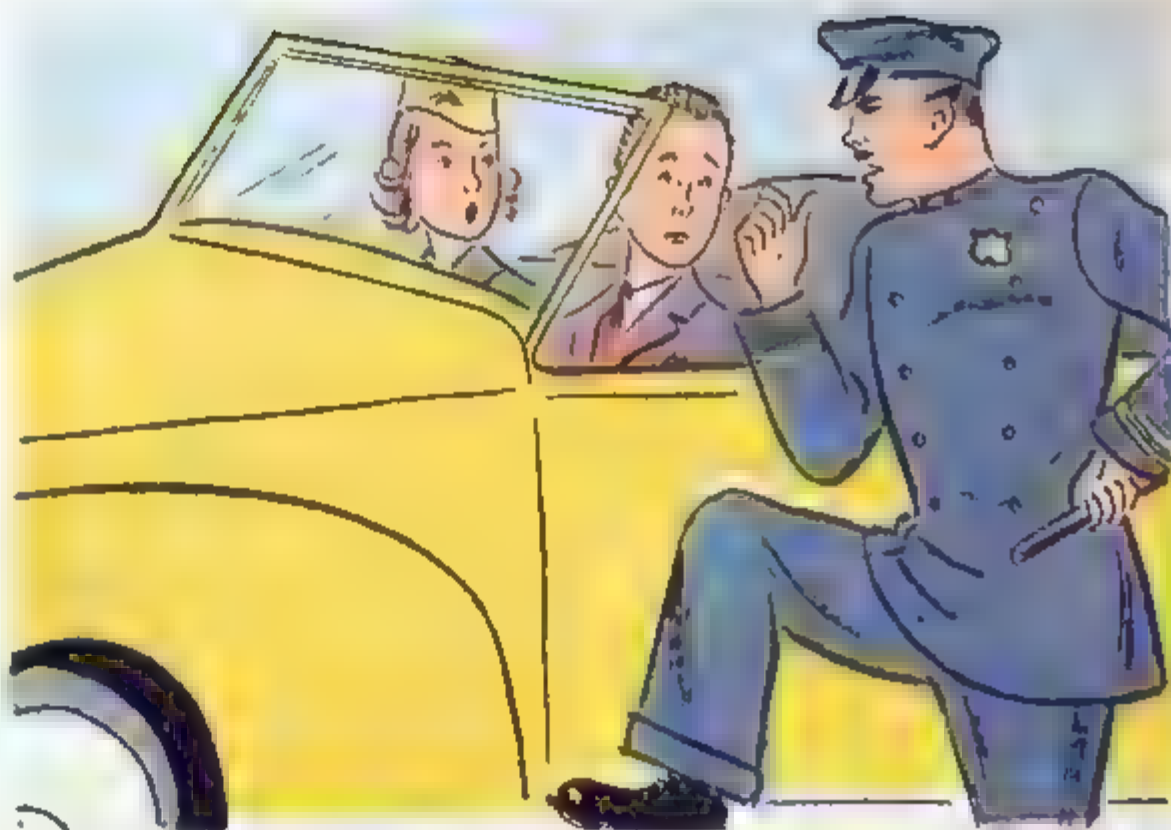
"Your mother doesn't know anything about them. She doesn't even know how to address an envelope properly," Lissa exploded.

By the time she got back to the Fetch-and-Carry office Mr. Williams had worked up a new rule that messengers couldn't loiter for a conversation on the street, especially if it was for the purpose of insulting customers' daughters. He wouldn't even listen to the truth about the worms, and he threatened to fire Lissa if she didn't mind her own business.

"Okay," said Lissa.

Okay for the whole world. She'd learned her lesson. So, when she delivered a book to young Professor Shaw the day his wife was at a bridge luncheon, she just kept mum. The professor had given the baby an ear of sweet corn, which Lissa was pretty sure would make the poor thing sick. It did. And she let the advertising manager of Howell's take the rap for a mistake she caught in the ad she carried from his office to the printer. (Half the women in town came to Howell's to buy crystal tumblers at a dollar instead of ten dollars a dozen.)

Then the stock boy at Humphrey and Fitch asked her to go dancing, up the Canyon, and things looked definitely better. She was thinking about how



Lissa was still counting ten and thinking "worms!" when the cop, whistling and running, overtook them and began to bawl Paul out.

to fix her hair when Paul Cazamian offered her a lift down the hill. Candy was with him—at eight o'clock on Saturday morning, too! She moved over graciously.

"Nice boots," Lissa said. To her certain knowledge Candy had never owned a pair of hiking boots. For Candy thought hiking was for people with thick ankles and a shiny nose.

Paul said to Lissa, "It's a pity you've got a job. You could come with us—we're going to climb Arapahoe."

So that's why they were out so early.

"Paul's never seen a glacier," Candy explained. "He wants to go up Arapahoe so he can slide all the way down on the ice."

"Jeeps!" Lissa sighed. It certainly would be fun. She could just smell the air as the trail wound through the pine woods till you came out above timberline. And when you got to the top of South Peak the electricity would make your hair stand straight out from your head. Then the scramble across the rocky knife-edge where the snow lay almost up to the top, and at last the thrill of sliding down over the ice and snow.

"Nope," Lissa said as cheerfully as she could. "I'm a working woman, thanks."

Paul stopped to let Lissa out in front of Fetch-and-Carry. "Say," she said, "who's guiding you today?"

"Guiding? Why, we'll just follow the trail from University Camp. We want to be able to take our time," Candy answered haughtily.

"You want to break your neck, you mean," said Lissa.

"Don't be silly," Candy said. "It's a perfectly safe and well-marked trail."

"Worms!" Lissa thought. And, "Thanks, Paul, for the lift," she said. "I'll send out my St. Bernard in a couple of days if you don't come back."

But she knew she ought to warn them about the bergschrund—the place where the glacier's smooth slope breaks suddenly, leaving a chasm that goes down fifteen—maybe thirty feet or so. You can't see it from the top, and unless you know enough to slide off to one side so as to avoid it, you can slide right into it—and then it's curtains. Since Paul had never seen a glacier he probably didn't know about the bergschrund. And Candy—she'd turn up her nose because it sounded like something that made you fat if you ate it.

Paul smiled. "I wish you could come." And the way he said it—Lissa had that same



odd nice hot-and-cold feeling again.

But her determination didn't soften. It was none of her business what Paul and Candy didn't know. She was never going to tell anyone anything for his own good again. Especially not a Meldrum. Especially not during business hours.

"About those worms," Mr. Williams said when he handed her the last pick-up order. "Would they help a strawberry bed?"

Lissa jumped. "No," she grunted. But, surprisingly, he look disappointed. "That is, I don't know how they'd be for strawberries. Maybe I can find out."

All the way home she was as pleased as if she'd invented worms herself. Still, it was very puzzling. How did you know when to talk and when not to? One time it got you into trouble and the next it got you out. About Paul and Candy—nobody would know, of course, that she could have warned them to watch out for the *bergschrund*. Jeeps! It looked as if talking to Mr. Williams had softened her up.

By the end of dinner Lissa knew what she'd better do.

"Who's calling?" asked Mrs. Meldrum after she'd said Candy wasn't home yet.

"Lissa Scudder, and I'm sorry I was impolite the other day. But you'd better tell Mr. Meldrum to get ready to go after Candy in a hurry because I'm sure something has happened, and my father says he'll go along to help to find them. We'll be there in ten minutes. Goodbye."

They'd already phoned the caretaker at University Camp and Paul's car was still parked there. A couple of summer guides who were in camp for the weekend had gone out now to search.

All the way up to camp Lissa worried about the business of tactics. Of course, she hoped Paul was all right—Candy too,

for that matter. She could just see him bandaged up in the hospital, but he certainly wouldn't understand—if he was still alive.

"'Allo!" came from the porch of the caretaker's house. "Thanks for sending the St. Bernards."

"Where's Candy?"

"In there. She feels a little faint."

Lissa sat down weakly on the porch step.

"So you went around the *bergschrund*. I was afraid you wouldn't." Lissa sighed.

"But no. We went over." Paul sat down beside her.

"What!"

"I think maybe that's what makes Candy feel so sick still. You see, we were sliding very fast. It was wonderful. We went like lightning and when we saw that big hole we were—whoosh!—already across on the other side. So much speed."

"I don't believe it," said Lissa.

"It's true, all right," came a voice from the porch. "A couple of fellows from Iowa did

you didn't get hurt at all?"

"Bruises, a little, from the rocks at the bottom. And Candy fainted for a long time. I tried to carry her, but my ankle hurt. And I couldn't find the trail when it got dark. Then your guides came with flashlights."

Lissa whispered, "I'm sorry. You might have got killed. I should have warned you."

"That's all right," said Paul cheerfully. "I was very foolish. Lissa, was it because you were still mad at Candy for telling about the worms that you didn't say anything?"

Lissa jumped up. "You just never mind about that!" she cried.

"I thought so," he said in a satisfied voice. He groaned a little when he pushed himself off the step and limped toward her.

Lissa looked at him with misery and a little suspicion. "I might as well tell you it was my fault about that traffic light, too."

"Hmm," said Paul.

"I'm trying to learn how to use the right tactics instead of spilling out information all the time. But I guess it doesn't work. I'll never learn."

"Tactics—also known as the feminine touch. Very fine," he said. "But I have a feeling," he went on, "that it's like a garden and needs cultivation—with maybe even something like earthworms to help."

Lissa made a strangled kind of noise. But Paul laughed softly.

"I like information," he said. "Why, for example, should there be a *bergschrund*? Do you know, Lissa?"

"Maybe." She felt exactly as if she were on the top of Arapahoe, with the warm autumn sun on her and the electricity crackling all around and in her hair—and space to look out into.

"Maybe I do know." And the smile she flashed at Paul was a dazzling thank you for clearing up the problem of tactics.

## OCTOBER DAYS

By SOLVEIG PAULSON RUSSELL

I like to see the bonfires  
That burn in autumn days  
And watch the lazy grayish smoke  
Get lost in autumn haze.

I like to see the little flames  
Consume the dried brown leaves  
And steal away their form and shape  
Like tiny red-tongued thieves.

I think that autumn fires  
Are pleasant as can be;  
They have a magic brightness  
That warms the heart to see.

the same thing last year. Darn fool tourists. But the Meldrum kid should have known better."

"You don't know Candy," Lissa muttered. Then she looked straight at Paul. "And



The New York Times  
 Philadelphia  
 Kinast  
 San Fr.  
 Chicago Daily Tribune  
 TORONTO DAILY  
 Globe-Memorial  
 Boston Daily Globe  
 The News  
 Girls in the NEWS



**1—On Their Toes.** Dancing their way to triumphs of tomorrow, these young dancers rehearse an intricate routine for ballet mistress Edith Jones. The pupils come from all parts of the world to study at the Falcon School of Hollywood, California.  
*Wide World Photo*

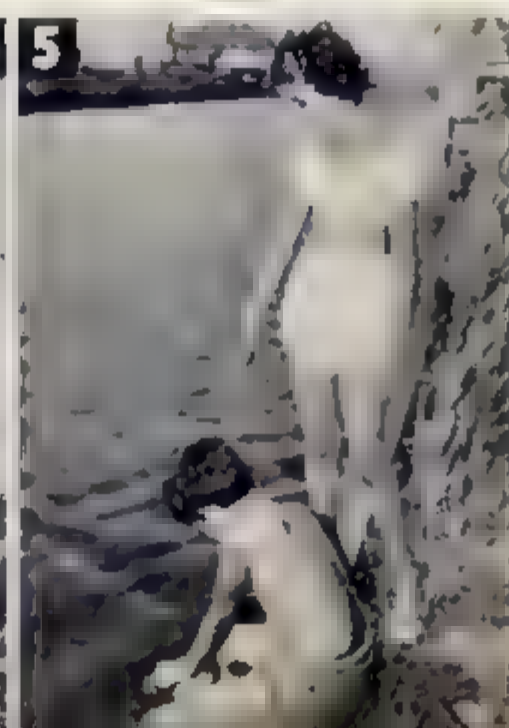
**2—"Miss Farmerette 1942."** Patricia Abbott is one of Canada's proudest Farmerettes. The Toronto girl was crowned farmerette queen from among 17 candidates. She's one of 1,300 girls who serve in government labor camps and on private farms in Ontario to help the war effort.  
*Star Newspaper Service Photo*

**3—Science Whiz at Work.** Competing with 10,000 high school seniors in the Science Talent Search, Marina Prajmovsky of Farmingdale, Long Island, walked off with top honors for the girls. She received a \$2,400 Westinghouse Grand Science Scholarship.  
*Westinghouse Photo*

**4—Stamp of Approval.** Mary Ann Johnson, 12, and Eleanor Ann Hutson, 8, pour out used stamps collected by Springfield, Missouri, Camp Fire Girls. Dyes from the stamps provide money to equip hospital beds for injured English children.  
*Springfield Newspapers Photo*

**5—Medal for Carol.** Heroine Carol Hoff, 10, points down to the waters of the Lido Canal, Long Beach, N. Y., from which she rescued 4-year-old Dickie Reed from drowning. Dickie fell into 15 feet of water while trying to reach for his toy sailboat.  
*N. Y. Daily News Photo*

**6—Corporal Pigtales.** Roberta Fyler, youngest officer and adopted daughter of the 581st Technical School Squadron at Miami Beach, plays checkers with other members of her outfit. She knows all the drill formations and snaps out orders like a veteran at daily inspection.  
*Wide World Photo*





# DIVE FOR THE OYSTERS



The first and second couples join hands: "Dive for the sardines and take a full can."

**T**HERE is no more need to convince a girl to dance than to convince a swallow to fly or a lark to sing. And the square dance has everything, from intricate steps in complicated patterns to simple and boisterous swing. There is a chance for grace and a chance for jollity. It offers the fun of whirling from partner to partner; the fun of being part of a figure that shapes itself and works itself out; the fun of dancing with a lot of people for "a touch and a go" and still having one person for your partner most of the time; the fun of salty old calls, or snatches of old songs; the supreme fun of gay good fellowship.

It is in this fellowship that the square dance is tops. No twosome here, but a group all playing and laughing and doing things together. You have your own partner, to be sure, but you also have the whole square to play with. You can have a square as prim, as proper, and as demure as the old quadrille held by your great-grandmother when she was a girl. Or you can have it as robust and jolly as a cowboy dance where you're apt to find yourself thrown clear over your partner's head

Square dancing is as old as the quadrille, as new as swing, and it's more fun than both!

By LLOYD SHAW  
Author of "Cowboy Dances"

Girls can square dance together but it's a lot more fun when the boys join in, so try to interest the regular boys in your group from the start.

You must have space suitable to dance in, large enough for a set. You'll find that a set is composed of four couples and will require floor space not less than twelve by twelve

feet. If you can make it twice as much room, get two sets together for your first party. The phonograph can supply your music. Or perhaps one of you can play "Turkey in the Straw" on the piano.

Each boy stands in the middle of his side of the square with his partner at his right. If you are first couple, the couple to your right is second, the couple opposite you is third, and the couple to your left is fourth. The position you are standing in is called *home*, and always after you have done a figure you come back to it and stand there again. Throughout the dance you use an easy, gliding, shuffling step with a little fancy jig step or hoe-down whenever you want to throw it in for decoration. Don't hop, don't skip. Keep your feet on the ground. Shuffle with a pronounced hip swing, and with loose joints below your waist. We shall give you very simple calls and after each phrase describe the action you are to go through. One of you will have



to be caller, allow enough time for the action to be completed, and go on to the next line of the call until the dance is finished.

Everybody swing his prettiest gal.

Each couple takes the usual ballroom or dance position except that the girl stands a little more to her partner's side, so that her right hip is more or less by his right hip. Then with a soft, gliding step each walks forward, whirling around twice in position. Partners lean away from each other just enough to make it a good vigorous swing.

Balance back with your right hand,  
Pass her up with a right and left grand.

The couples let go of their swing position and each boy takes his partner by the right hand. He jerks back from her so that he feels the pull as she jerks back from him in a sort of balance step. Then he pulls her past him with the right hand, goes on beyond her, letting go with the right hand. The girls have now all been started in a clockwise direction. The boys have passed them going in a counter-clockwise direction. Each boy takes the

next girl by the left hand, and passes her, the next by the right hand and passes her, the next by the left and passes her, then he meets his partner again and takes her by the right hand. While this right and left grand is going on, the caller can say:

Hand over hand around the ring  
Hand over hand with the dear little thing.  
Meet your honey and promenade.

When the boy gets his partner by the right hand, he turns her to his right side, and both walk side by side around the circle to their original home position. Hands are crossed in front as in a skating position, his right hand holding her right and his left hand holding her left. When they get back home, he makes a little bow to her and stands in place.

First couple out to the couple  
on the right,  
And dive for the oyster, dive for the clam.

The first couple walks over to the second couple and they all take hands in a ring of four. The second couple raises their joined hands, and the first couple, still holding hands, ducks in under the arms of the second couple. They then back

up to place. They raise their joined hands and the second couple ducks in under them and back to place. During all of this all eight hands are joined in a ring.

Dive for the sardine  
And take a full can.

Still holding hands in a ring of four, the first couple ducks in under the raised arms of the second couple, and passes clear through. They turn their backs to each other, raise their joined hands over their heads and twist around under their own hands which brings them face to face again. Maybe you know this as the dishrag movement. As they come face to face they pull the second couple under their raised hands in a sort of a second dishrag. Believe it or not, they finish still in a ring of four.

Circle four, oh, circle four!  
Now swing your opposite with your right,  
Now your partner with your left,  
And on to the next.

The four now circle around to the left. Then they all let go hands, and each boy takes by the right hand the girl not his partner and pulls her around



"Balance back with your right hand, pass her up with a right and left grand."



behind him. As his own girl comes around from behind, back of the other boy, he takes her by the left hand and turns her around and to place. The girls do a sort of figure eight around the boys. The second couple stands in place while the first couple goes on to the third and then to the fourth. The whole call is repeated each time, allowing time to execute each direction.

The last line of the call with the fourth couple now becomes, instead of "On to the next,"

And balance home.

The first couple is now back in place, and all couples are standing at home position.

Swing, swing, everybody swing.  
Now balance back with your right hand,  
Pass her by with a right and left grand,  
Meet your honey, and promenade.

This is exactly the same as the introduction, done in the same way. As soon as everyone is in the home position, the caller then says:

Second couple out to the couple  
on the right,  
And dive for the oyster.

Starting with the introductory call or chorus, "The Right and Left Grand," the whole dance is repeated until each couple has had its turn around,

starting with the couple on its right. And after the final right and left grand, the caller says—

Promenade, ah, promenade,  
You know where and I don't care  
Take your honey to a nice soft chair.

That is a very simple dance, with an amusing jolly sort of change to start with. If you like it, you might try some of the phonograph records with calls, and try another dance. All the record companies are making albums of square-dance music. The easiest of these albums to dance and the most fun would be Decca's "Square Dances," with Al McLeod's orchestra and Ed Durlacher calling, or the album, "The Running Set," by Margo Mayo's group. For an album without calls, try "Old Time Fiddlin' Pieces," by Clayton McMichen.

If you really want to go into it all deeply for real fun, you'll need a good book. Decide what kind of old-time dancing you want to do. For the line dances of New England, get "The Country Dance Book," by Beth Tollman and Ralph Page. For New England squares or middle-western squares of more formal variety write to Dearborn, Michigan, to the Ford Motor Company for a copy of Henry Ford's splendid dance

manual, "Good Morning." Or you might like Elizabeth Burchenal's "American Country Dances," or Grace Ryan's "Pioneer Dances." If you like the vigor and freedom of movement of the western cowboy dance, ask for my book of "Cowboy Dances."

A few of you had better get together, study your book carefully, and try the steps. Then when your set gets together on the floor, you'll be able to steer the dancers at first.

Of course, most of the time you'll dance in your regular school clothes, just as you are. But a little later you'll find it fun to costume for special parties. The colorful, flowing skirts, with their freedom for the dancers and their grace of swirling lines will be a joy to you. Boys love their cowboy heels, their cowboy breeches, and the brightly colored shirts.

And some day, you'll be invited to put on an exhibition square dance. You'll be good by then, with a little orchestra of your own, perhaps, and oh! how you can whirl through those figures and how your audience will love it. But whether you dance for a public or just for fun the joy of square dancing will be yours forever.

The accordion and fiddle set a lilting rhythm, the caller sings out the calls, and the square dancers swing their partners.

Loyde Knutson Photos





# Let's Talk Things Over

By ALICE BARR GRAYSON



My mother will not let me sleep at some of my friends' houses. I have had many invitations to do so, but I have had to refuse. All my friends are allowed to do so and it makes me feel very ashamed and left out. What can I do?—Joan W., aged 10½, New York.

**W**E are sometimes tempted to ask, "How many is all?" For girls do have a way of thinking that their parents are the only ones who make restrictions.

We can believe that some of Joan's friends are permitted to sleep in other girls' homes occasionally; but she could find others who are not allowed to do so. And we do not know, in those cases where the visits are permitted, how well or how long the families involved have known one another. These things do make a difference.

It is nice to have the fun of being away from home overnight now and then, and we hope that Joan's mother will let her have this experience in good time. Mrs. W. is wise, however, in wanting to be sure Joan is ready for it, and to know where and with whom she wishes to stay, for her safety is her parents' responsibility.

We have all heard of parents who are too filled with unnecessary fears and are over-anxious about protecting their

**H**ERE'S your opportunity to get things off your chest! Airing problems and exchanging experiences and ideas usually bring comfort and practical suggestions.

Won't you write and tell Alice Barr Grayson what's on your mind? There just isn't space enough to answer every letter here, but if you sign your complete name and address (and they won't be printed), a personal reply will be sent you—unless, of course, a problem just like yours is answered in this department. Write to Mrs. Grayson, **CALLING ALL GIRLS**, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y.

children. They seem to be unwilling to believe that other adults can take good care of children and that girls and boys need ever-increasing opportunities for freedom and independence. However, Joan is only ten and a half years old and she should not grow too impatient.

All parents and all homes are not the same. There's no reason at all for being "ashamed" if a girl has parents who care enough about her to do their best to keep her safe, happy, and well. And one other thought—mothers know that having guests, however welcome and pleasant, means extra work. Perhaps Joan's mother is just being considerate and thoughtful before she gives Joan permission to accept her friends' invitations to their homes.

Could you please tell me what is the matter with tall girls? Whenever we have company they always say that I'm awfully tall in the most awful tone. It really hurts my feelings.—Carol M., aged 12, Rhode Island.

**T**HERE isn't a thing in the world "the matter" with being tall! In the last decade or so girls and boys have been growing taller—and better-looking, healthier, and we believe generally more delightful, too. And so it is quite in keeping with the times for Carol to join her generation shoulder to shoulder, so to speak.

Unfortunately, some of us grownups, in our enthusiasm about the tallness of today's youth, may sometimes overdo and even badly time and express our admiration. We indulge in "ohs" and "ahs" and in unnecessary comments, but we mean well and are only noting the flight of time and our pleasure in the obvious growth into young womanhood.

Naturally, girls don't care to have their appearance, size, shape, or behavior discussed in an offhand way. However, a real understanding between  
(Continued on page 36)



Carol's height brings forth embarrassing "ohs" and "ahs."





# NEW STAR

Hollywood has surprised itself by opening its doors for the first time to a young girl pianist. You can see for yourself what a sparkling new star she really is!

Diana's key to success is in her nimble fingers, but a winning smile helps too

By PAMELA ST. JOHN  
Magazine Writer

**D**IANA LYNN'S success is in black and white—the black and white notes of the keyboard of her piano. This fifteen-year-old whose face dimples when she smiles has overcome the long-time movie tradition that a girl pianist can't get anywhere in pictures. But this new star of the screen didn't fall into anything. When you see her in her next role,

remember that hard work got her there, the hard work that is behind the glamour of most screen stars.

Diana was born in Los Angeles, California, as Dolly Loehr. Because her mother was one of the city's outstanding piano teachers, it was natural for Dolly to begin playing the piano almost before she could read or write. By the time she

was six the little girl was playing solos for various women's clubs and other organizations.

Diana was eleven when the Los Angeles Junior Symphony was organized and she became pianist with the original group. One of the biggest thrills of her life was the time the orchestra played under the noted conductor, Leopold Stokowski.

In 1940, when Diana was thirteen, Paramount began preparations on "There's Magic in Music" (called "The Hard-Boiled Canary" in some cities), centered around the Interlochen, Michigan, summer camp for young musicians. The studio began auditions of all noted young musicians. There wasn't a place in the cast for a pianist, but Diana went to the studio to accompany her girl friend who was trying out for the violinist's part. After the youthful violinist had finished her audition, Diana was asked to play a solo.

Four weeks passed with no word from the studio and Diana and her parents thought the incident was closed. But then one day the studio called and asked Diana if she could memorize the Grieg concerto and report to the music department within two weeks. To her mother's astonishment, for the concerto is difficult for so young a girl to play, Diana said she could. What's more she did. Within a week, she had not only perfected her playing of the concerto, but knew it by heart!

When Diana reported to the studio, Andrew Stone, producer and director of "There's Magic in Music," heard her play. She played so brilliantly that Stone assigned her to accompany Susanna Foster, the young singer in the picture.

After several days of shooting, Stone was amazed at his new actress' naturalness and winsome manner and gave her some speaking lines. Following the showing of the scene next day, Stone had a special acting part written into the story. Diana emerged with a role second only to that of Susanna Foster's in the juvenile portion of the cast. She was even photo-



graphed playing a piano solo.

The applause from the sneak preview audiences proved to the studio executives that Diana had what movie fans wanted and they signed her to a long-term contract.

Then began grooming for her future roles. Diana had never taken part in any school plays because she was always the pianist for the school presentations. So her acting in the picture was without benefit of previous experience. Of course, her appearances before the public at recitals had given her poise before an audience.

With the signing of her contract, she became a pupil in the Paramount School where she has completed the tenth grade. Diana likes history and English, has to study math extra hard because she dislikes it, and struggles with Latin and French. The studio rechristened the young pianist because they thought "Dolly" too babyish for a screen star, and "Loehr" too hard to pronounce.

Ever since they worked together in "There's Magic in Music," Diana and Susanna Foster have been close friends.

"Suzy" continually broadcasts Diana's talent to anyone who will listen and helps her with the dramatic lessons the studio gives her. When Suzy and Diana went on a nationwide tour in advance of "There's Magic in Music," they were entertained and photographed and interviewed, and Suzy turned every press interview into a discussion of Diana.

For Diana, who had never been east of Yellowstone National Park and who had never ridden on a train, the tour was an exciting adventure. Diana was so impressed by the colonial mansions in the south that when on her return she found her family planning to build a new house, she entered into the plans so thoroughly that the home, completed now, is a true southern colonial house. Upstairs, Diana has her own bedroom, dressing room, bath, and a study which she designed and decorated herself. It has an alcove which is just right for a small upright piano where she can practice alone.

Despite the fact that she is a musician and an actress and a schoolgirl, Diana has learned to keep house and she helps her mother. She recently amazed her parents by cooking an entire dinner for them by herself—and it was really delicious.

Diana's pet hobbies are collecting records and miniature china animals. She enjoys most sports, but is best at badminton. Diana has composed several musical scores which haven't been published, though the studio's music department considers them particularly good.

Between pictures Diana rides to and from the studio school by bus, to save the family tires. But when she is making a picture, her mother drives her to the lot in the car because she has to be in make-up by seven o'clock every morning.

Diana's new picture brings her into what Hollywood calls "big time." She has the choice juvenile role in Paramount's new Ginger Rogers-Ray Miland picture, "The Major and the Minor." Has this sudden rise to fame turned Diana's head? Well, recently the studio called for some glamour portraits of the slim new star. When Diana was shown the finished portraits, she studied them silently.

"Don't you like them?" the photographer asked.

"No," replied Diana gravely, "they're much too pretty."

The studio photographer caught Diana on the lot in between shooting of "The Major and the Minor" in which Diana plays the young girl who befriends Ginger Rogers.

Diana loves music so much that she says it is no chore for her to practice as much as six hours every day (remember your groans at your hour-a-day stint?)





# MYSTERY at the LOOKOUT

Sally never dreamed the code message she found would lead her into so many adventures

By CAROLYN KEENE

Author of "Nancy Drew Mystery Stories" and "Dana Girls Mystery Stories"

## THE STORY UP TO NOW

Sally Seymour, Sandra Blake, and Barbara Moore found a code message at the Lookout. Trooper Hartwell told them that Peter Hallen, an escaped robber, was in the woods. Sally showed the code to Hartwell who went in pursuit of the robber. Millie Lear, an old woman living in a cabin in the woods and owner of a valuable pearl, showed the girls the path home. Next day they returned with Jimmy Branford to the Lookout to seek clues. Jimmy caught a stranger who tricked the boy into freeing him. Sally found a notebook dropped by the man which gave the key to the code and names of business firms. She told Hartwell about the book and about a plane they saw which seemed to be receiving signals from the ground. Hartwell sent Sally to the police to tell her story. While there, news came that a freighter carrying cargo for a firm listed in the book was afire. That night Sally received a mysterious phone call. A voice said to return the notebook to the Lookout and she would find a ten-dollar reward. Sally agreed, but determined to set a trap. Now go on with Chapter Four.

**W**HITEFACE Mountain lay in heavy shadow, for thick, black clouds hid the late afternoon sun. Sally Seymour and Sandra Blake climbed steadily toward the Lookout.

"Sally, are you sure State Trooper Hartwell will meet



Startled, she stood up and pulled a scarf across her face.

us?" Sandra inquired for the second time since they had left Craig City. "If he shouldn't come . . ."

"Oh, he'll be there, all right," Sally replied. "After all, it will mean a lot to him to capture the thief Sam Slade!"

"You speak as if it were a certain thing!"

"Well, there's a very good chance of it," Sally said with conviction. "Not for a minute do I think the old woman who telephoned will come herself to claim the leather booklet I found."

"Tell me again just what she said."

"She wouldn't give her name," Sally explained. "She told me to leave the notebook at the pine tree near the Look-

out, and receive a ten-dollar reward. Since we think the notebook belongs to Sam Slade, and has in it the key to the code and all those references to business firms he might rob, why naturally he'd want to get it back himself."

"And the old lady is an accomplice?" asked Sandra.

"Probably. Grandfather agreed with me that the only thing to do, was for Trooper Hartwell to be near us girls while I put a substitute notebook by the tree. I wish Barbara could have come along."

"Yes, we three have had such fun trying to solve this mystery. But I'm a little scared right now," Sandra admitted. "Why couldn't the trooper come to the Lookout with us?"



"Because we may be watched," Sally explained patiently. "If we were seen with him, it's unlikely anyone would show up. And then neither of the thieves could be caught."

Far from reassured, Sandra tested the beam of a powerful flashlight she had brought.

"We're almost at the Look-out," Sally said.

A few minutes later the girls struggled up the last steep slope to the observation point, a short distance below the summit of the mountain. They glanced about, but there was no sign of anyone.

"Now what?" asked Sandra anxiously.

"We'll follow instructions."

Outwardly undisturbed, Sally went to the big pine tree and looked it over carefully. Seeing no envelope on it, she searched near the foot of it. Wedged between two rocks she found the promised reward.

"It's here!" she exclaimed, her voice low. "The ten-dollar bill!"

Sally crammed a little red notebook into the same opening. She pocketed the money, and the girls retreated among the trees.

"Let's go home," pleaded Sandra, looking at the dark sky. "I don't want to be in the woods during a bad storm."

As she spoke, the bushes rustled and a man stepped into view. Sandra was about to scream, but stopped when she recognized Trooper Hartwell.

"Did you think I'd let you down?" he inquired. "I've been here for thirty minutes."

"Who left the money?" Sally asked eagerly.

The trooper shook his head. "I don't know. The bill was there when I came. Let's keep out of sight now, and watch. I'm sure someone will show up for the notebook before it starts to rain."

At first it was rather exciting to crouch behind a large boulder with attention riveted on the pine tree. But after a while, with dusk fast coming on, the girls grew weary. Occasional flashes of lightning began to brighten the sky, and

there were deep rumbles of thunder.

"It's raining," Sandra said, feeling the first drop splash on her wrist.

"Quiet!" warned the trooper.

Twenty yards away, a dark figure had emerged from among the trees. Sally leaned forward, straining to see. A vivid flash of lightning gave her a good glimpse of the person who glided toward the spot where the notebook lay.

"Why, it's an old woman in a sunbonnet!" she whispered in astonishment. "Millie Lear, or I'm seeing double!"

Trooper Hartwell and the girls crept noiselessly from their hiding place. Just as the elderly woman reached over to take the notebook from the stones, the officer turned his flashlight beam upon her.

Startled, she stood up and pulled a scarf across her face. Then she turned and disappeared into the forest, completely hidden from the rays of light.

"I'll get her!" cried the trooper. "You girls better hustle toward home."

Off he went in pursuit. Sally wanted to trail the fleeing fig-

ure, too, but Sandra insisted they obey the man's orders.

"It's going to pour any second, and I think the sooner we get out of the woods the better," she said, snapping on her own flashlight to lead the way. "Anyhow, you've done your work."

"All except turning in this ten dollars to the police," replied Sally.

"What!" exclaimed Sandra. "Do you mean to say you and I aren't going to share that little old bill for coming way up here? And getting drenched besides," she added, as the rain came down faster.

"Sorry, Sandy, but I must turn it over to the police. It's probably stolen money."

Sandra groaned as the two girls raced through the forest. "Sally Seymour, your brains work too fast for me. Incidentally, I don't believe mine are going to be any good much longer; they're getting water-soaked fast!" she giggled.

By the time the girls reached the foot of the mountain, they were dripping wet. In a little waiting room for bus passengers they dried out a bit, but were pretty sorry-looking spec-



Paucing on the rolling object, Sally held it up before their astonished gaze.



tacles when they arrived at their homes

"Well, what luck?" smiled Grandfather Seymour, with whom Sally lived, as the two sat down to dinner.

Excitedly the girl recounted what had happened. "But I'm afraid Trooper Hartwell wasn't able to trail that woman in the storm. Those are deep woods, and she got away quickly."

"After we finish eating, we'll telephone and find out," said the old man.

They learned nothing, for Hartwell had not reported yet. Sally suggested that the old woman might have been Millie Lear, and gave an approximate location of her cabin to the trooper in charge.

"It's hard to believe that old Miss Lear is mixed up in a robbery," she remarked to her grandfather as she hung up. "But what else can you think?"

"You're certain the woman who took the notebook from the tree was Millie?" asked Mr. Seymour.

"I didn't see much of her face, but the clothing was hers, I'm sure. Same sunbonnet and long black dress."

"You're probably right about it being Millie, then," Grandfather Seymour sighed. "Poor woman! She was always well liked when she lived in Craig City, and her home was attractive with the unusual ornaments her seafaring father brought her. Too bad if she has come to this."

"Especially if she still has her valuable pearl," Sally reminded him. "She could sell that, and then she wouldn't be so poor."

The next morning she and her grandfather called at police headquarters, taking the ten-dollar bill with them. A detective compared the serial number on it with a list known to have been stolen from a manufacturer's pay roll.

"This is one of the bills," he said. "It is real evidence. Thank you for turning it in."

Later in the morning Trooper Hartwell telephoned. His news disappointed them all.



Sally stopped short and stared and her pulse stepped up to a faster pace.

"That old lady who came to the Lookout got away from me," he said. "The thunder crashed so I couldn't hear her, and the rain came down so hard I couldn't see a thing, not even with my flashlight."

"Has anyone talked with Millie Lear?" asked Sally.

"No, unfortunately," the trooper replied. "Men went to her cabin, but it looks as if she has left for good. It's very suspicious."

This information was of great interest to Sally. An hour later she repeated it to Sandra, suggesting that they get Barbara and visit the cabin together that afternoon. Perhaps they could pick up a clue.

"All my muscles and bones say 'no,'" her friend declined the invitation. "Wild horses couldn't get me up that mountain today!"

"How about a nice tame horse?" coaxed Sally. "I know where we can rent ponies. Grandfather has promised to ride with us."

"Well, that's different," Sandra consented. "Bring on your nags!"

Next Sally telephoned Barbara Moore, who was delighted to go along. The horses they hired at Smith's Riding Stable proved to be reliable animals with one pace—a slow walk. They took the mountain trails at their own gait, refusing to be hurried. Barbara's mount, a roan called Belle, kept halting abruptly every so often, and turning her head around.

"They gave this old slow-motion machine only half her name!" Barbara complained, jerking on the reins. "It should be Dumb Belle!"

Grandfather Seymour, an



expert horseman, suggested that he change mounts with Barbara, and she was quick to accept. After that the party made faster progress and presently arrived at the Lear cabin.

"Millie hasn't come back," Grandfather Seymour said after pounding several times on the oak door.

"Don't you think we should try to get inside?" Sally asked.

Her grandfather replied by pushing open the unlocked door.

"The old lady has left, all right, that's certain!" Sandra exclaimed when she saw the untidy interior. "It's a mess!"

Drawers, now empty, stood open. A clothes closet near a bed had nothing in it. Furniture was pulled about, showing signs of a hunt for items to be packed. Sally and Sandra wandered into the kitchen. On the stove and table were unwashed pans and dishes, but the cupboards were bare of food.

"It looks as if Millie Lear ate up everything before she left, even if she was in a hurry to go," giggled Sandra.

Climbing up on the sink counter, Sally curiously examined a few objects that had been pushed to a far corner of the top shelf.

"Here's something cute!" she exclaimed, holding out a small china elephant.

"One ear is broken off," Sandra observed without interest.

"All the same, it's clever," Sally insisted.

Jumping down, she carried the little figure outdoors to show to Grandfather Seymour. "Is this one of the valuable curios Millie Lear's seafaring father brought her?" she asked.

The elderly man, who was standing beside the horse Belle, took the elephant from her hands, and looked it over.

"No," he decided. "This china piece isn't worth more than twenty-five cents."

"It's attractive, just the—oh!" the girl cried, as Belle suddenly turned her head and nosed the little elephant right out of Grandfather Seymour's fingers. With a crash the object hit a

stone, and was shattered into a hundred small pieces.

"You awful horse!" exclaimed Sally.

At her shout the other girls came running from the cabin. Sally was about to point to the bits of china on the ground, when her foot accidentally kicked something. A tiny, lustrous, white pellet rolled in front of her shoe. She stared, then gave a shout.

"Grandfather! Sandra! Barbara! See what was hidden inside the elephant!"

Pouncing on the rolling object, she held it up before their astonished gaze.

"A pearl!" said Grandfather Seymour, astounded.

"Is it a real one?" Sally asked eagerly. "Could it be the one Millie Lear's father gave her?"

"I'm no judge of gems," her grandfather answered as he examined the tiny treasure, "but this looks like the real thing."

So excited was the group over Sally's discovery, that they did not try to keep their voices low. Yet nothing would have dismayed them more than to have known they were being watched at that very moment. A shadowy figure lurked behind a giant tree, listening.

"Oh, Grandfather! What if this should prove to be Millie Lear's priceless pearl!" Sally cried, her eyes dancing.

"We must take the pearl home and have an expert look at it. If it has value, we must take very good care of it until Millie Lear is found, and then return it to her."

"Finding her may not be so easy," Sally said dubiously. "Especially as she seems to be trying to hide."

The pearl was tied into a handkerchief and entrusted to Grandfather Seymour's pocket-book. It was decided that the party would leave at once.

By the time they reached Craig City, the banks were closed, so Grandfather Seymour had to take the pearl to his cottage. Sally was glad.

"I want to show it to Jimmy!" she declared. "Let's invite him to dinner, and you girls stay, too."

Upon reaching home, Sally telephoned to Jimmy, who accepted the invitation eagerly. Grandfather Seymour went to the store to get ice cream for dessert. Before leaving, he took the handkerchief with the pearl in it from his pocket and laid it on a living room table.

"What shall I do?" Barbara asked helpfully.

"You rustle the dishes, Babs, and Sandra, find the silver. I'd better lock up that pearl."

As Sally entered the living room, she stopped short and stared. One window was wide open, and its screen had been cut neatly from the frame!

Although there was no breeze, the long draperies moved ever so slightly. Sally's pulse stepped up to a faster pace. As clearly as if she had seen the person, the girl knew that a figure huddled behind the velvet folds. Someone had come to take Millie Lear's pearl!

(To be continued next month)

## You Can Help WIN THE WAR!

Read the new one-shot comic magazine that tells you how! 20 wonderful, inspiring features in full color. Now on sale, at newsstands, 10c a copy, or direct from the publishers by mail. Send 10c in stamps or coin to The Parents' Institute, Inc., 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y.

ASK FOR

"HOW BOYS AND GIRLS CAN HELP WIN THE WAR."

Virginia Weidler, young MGM star, knows that boys and girls can help win the war.







# VARIETY

## Adds Spice to October Movies

By ELIZABETH NICHOLS, Movie Editor

**F**REQUENTLY the movies run in cycles so that you see one after another of aim or plot or background and you almost know the ones before the characters speak them. But this year October movies are as full of variety and pinch as the crisp, changeable weather. So no matter what your preference in film, we believe you'll find your special kind of these pages.

**1** "Smith of Mississippi" is another of those swash-buckler pictures with a superb background and a real good hero playing himself. Here one Bruce Smith and Roberts Smith but not related, get two stars with one name. (Caf)

**2** Judy Garland has two leading men in "For My and My Girl." George Murphy and Gene Kelly both grand heroes which it all right because Judy ten take care of the singing. These World War soldiers seem to agree heartily with this opinion. (MGM)

**3** "Sweet Sweethearts" is a delightful film with Kathryn Grayson's lovely voice the top item. Next comes the fact that Joe Kelly and his always gives freshness and charm to film. Directed by And oh yes, there are seven beautiful stars and they all get the credit for these attractive talents. (MGM)

**4** "Wings and the Woman" is the film biography of Amy Johnson, British pioneer woman flyer who made many record flights. Her romance with Jim McInnes, pilot boy hero, gives the film emotional appeal. Robert Newton supplies Jon with plenty of

the needed storm which was Amy. (RKO)

**5** "Swamp of Love" has E. Brown and Judy Canova were bound to do a picture together since their boards of comedy made up in "Jokes of Death" they prove that their combined fun making talents just twice as many heart laughs for the audience. (RKO)

**6** We've missed Deanna Durbin from the jangle more than any other absent star. Now she's back in a drama of western China in which the actress full stature of an actress Deanna will sing in "Forever Yours" (Caf)

**7** Why Sonja Henie with her laughing eyes and magic skating feet should appear here to pursue John Payne, we can't imagine, but that's what the plot says. Anyway she gets him—and you get an amusing story. Jack DeLoe's comedy shows stretch, and Sonja Henie and his hand for good measure. (Caf)

**8** In "Between Us Girls" Diana Barrymore plays an actress which is fitting for the youngest of the Barrymore clan. Robert Montgomery is impressed with her fame—now don't he always tell us what she says when she's having fun with him which she can't resist when he's in a serious mood. Poor Bob? (Caf)

**9** This picture tells its own story of laughing and fun and three good heroes. Ted with his Hope King Crosby, and Dorothy Lamour all dressed up like the Arabian Nights what else could be forthcoming in "The Road to Morocco, How long have you been?" (Caf)

**10** We couldn't have a complete movie program without some American Indians and these aren't made with grace point they are real. "Cavalry Roundup" Beautiful Star P. West Bluebird are in "King of the Redskins" with Rex Ellis. (MGM)







He may be a stranger but the best way to break the ice is to treat him as if he were already a friend.

# How Do You Do?

Instead of facing strangers—meet new friends, one of life's happiest experiences

By ELEANOR BOYKIN

Author of "This Way Please: A Book of Manners"

**H**AVE you ever noticed the way two strange dogs will stop in the street and eye each other suspiciously? Some breeds of dogs don't even wait to size each other up; they set up a terrific barking at once, as if to warn, "Don't try to put anything over on me!"

That's dog nature. But why should human beings meet each other with any such dis-

trust? Yet you sometimes see two people who have just been introduced facing each other in uneasy silence. Each looks at the other as if he or she were some strange creature—the way a Ubangi native might stare at the first white man with a movie camera who came to his African village. Two people who have always lived in the same country ill at ease when they are brought together?

Absurd, of course, isn't it?

What many say is, "I don't know why, but I'm self-conscious with strangers. I can't think of a thing to say." Are you one of these? If so, you should have a straight-from-the-shoulder talk with Yourself. Tell Yourself a few of the facts of everyday life: "You are not likely to meet anyone who is very strange to you. The girls and boys you come to know from time to time study the same subjects at school that you do; they dress about the same way; they come from the same kind of homes. The older persons you are intro-

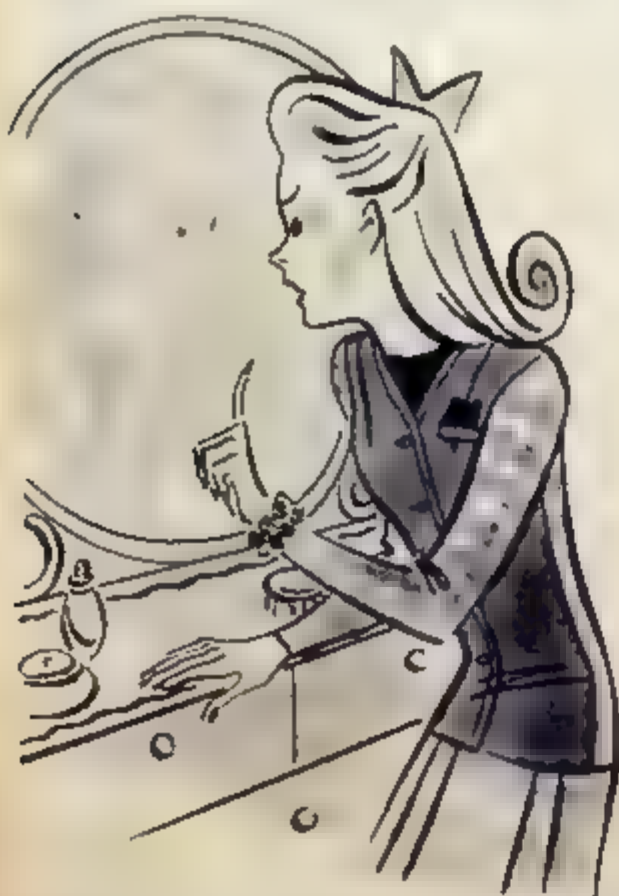


duced to are pretty much like your parents. Neither the young nor the old are looking for faults in you, and they want you to like them."

You don't have to buck up your courage when thrown in with a stranger, like the little pig who sang, "Who's afraid of the big, bad wolf?" because there isn't any wolf. The person you call a stranger isn't really strange—just someone who has a different name and looks somewhat different from the people you already know. If he seems stiff, he may be a little scared of you.

Believe this, and the next time you meet somebody, you won't be struck dumb. You will think of all the two of you have in common. For one thing, you are both in the same town. That in itself gives conversation a springboard to dive from. There's sure to be something you can bring up. "How did you like the parade yesterday?" "What did you think of the school war-work exhibit downtown?" "Were you caught in the storm this afternoon?" Don't shy away from the weather, if it can give you a conversational start.

Here's another tip. Look for something in a brand-new ac-



If you're self-conscious, have a straight-from-the-shoulder talk with yourself about a few of the facts of everyday life.

quaintance to like. It may be a little thing—like the way she does her hair or the color of his necktie. You may notice that she has a pleasant tinkle in her voice, or he a merry twinkle in his eye. Thinking about some good point in the other person will keep your mind from feeling like an empty bird cage and will somehow make it easier to think of something to say. Try it, and see if it doesn't.

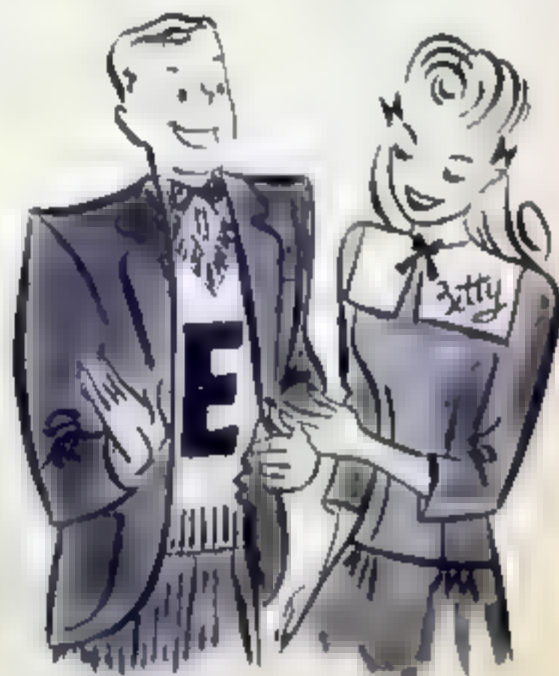
Now for a third suggestion for getting warmed up with one who has just come into your life. Let's say that at a Hallowe'en party the crowd splits up, and you suddenly find yourself left with Russ Douglas, whom you had never heard of half an hour ago. Instead of looking as if you wished somebody would turn on the radio, make the first remark that pops into your head. If it should be, "I haven't an idea what to say; what would you like to talk about?"—out with it! At least it will break the ice. Even if he says, "I don't care," you will feel a little freer to open up some topic, such as, "Have you seen the picture at the Alcazar?" or "I like Hallowe'en games, don't you?"

If a wacky question, like "Did you ever see a ghost?" bobs up in your mind, go ahead and ask it. It may get you somewhere, which is better than getting nowhere. If it only leads you to smile together, you will have got off on the right foot.

There may be something you are all agog about at the moment. Let your enthusiasm bubble over. For instance, "I've just had a present I'm thrilled about—a bicycle from Dad. I'm going to do the family errands." Or "My brother, who is in the Navy, wrote to us that he may be coming home next week. Isn't that wonderful?" You may be surprised at Russ' response to such bids, even if he's the quiet sort. People like to have you treat them as if they were already your friends and to have you share your good news with them. Aren't you complimented when near-

strangers take it for granted that you will rejoice with them over some piece of good fortune?

With a mature person, you needn't feel that you must take over. It will not be unbecoming for you to play second fiddle. Some adults, however, are about as talkative with young people as the Sphinx. They don't know, they say, what you are interested in. Very well, tell them. "I've just learned how to make a cake,



Look for something in a brand-new acquaintance to like and your mind won't feel like an empty bird cage.

Mrs. Herbert" or, "We're having a play at school next week, Miss Cathay. You must come." Or should it be a playmate's mother you have met for the first time, you would be able to ask some appropriate question, as "How is your soldier son, Mrs. Wilkes?"

One mother said of her daughter, "Mary never was with a stranger in her life." If, like Mary, you will look upon new acquaintances not as strangers but as possible friends, you will not find it hard to get acquainted with them and can truthfully say when you part, "I'm glad to have met you."

Discovering a new friend is a stimulating experience and so it is something to look forward to with pleasure. Remember that and it will put zest into your "How do you dos?"



# Between The Acts

The little red schoolhouse was never like this,  
but these young stars aren't ordinary pupils

By ELIZABETH DECKER  
Feature Writer

**H**OW would you like not having to get to school until ten o'clock? And then getting out at two-fifteen? Or being told to come in an hour earlier tomorrow instead of staying after school? Or having your teacher say, "Marian, there's a job for you. You're excused"? Of having your commencement held on the stage of one of the famous New York theaters, and having as alumni of your school such glittering names as Ruby Keeler,

Ida Lupino, Tom Brown, Gene Raymond, and Anita Louise?

There really is such a school but the students, instead of hanging around the drugstore after school feeding nickels to the juke box, or going for a swim, or catching up on their reading, go to work when their classes are out. The school is the Professional Children's School in New York City, right smack on Broadway, and it's tailor made for the young performers of all kinds in the theatrical world. Time

was when these girls and boys of the theater were forced by their work to keep irregular hours, to get along with a slap-dash education and miss most of the fun that ordinary kids have. But for the last twenty-eight years the Professional Children's School has been making it possible for them to get an excellent education and stay in the limelight at the same time.

This school isn't for young hopefuls. It doesn't give any courses in dramatics or tap dancing.

It takes as pupils only those who are already at work in the theater, so if you were to attend one of the classes there you might find that the fifteen-year-old girl sitting at the desk on your right rides a unicycle (only one wheel) while she juggles and plays an accordion, or the boy in front of you is playing the juvenile lead in a Broadway play, and the girl on your left earns her living as a "cry-baby" on the radio.

The girls and boys at P.C.S. are smart as tacks because they have to be. Since it's harder for them to get, these girls and boys have a pretty grown-up respect for their education, and it's just possible that they could beat you hollow in a spell-down. But outside of being extra career-conscious these girls and boys are just like you and you. They may go to school in an office building, worry about missing a cue at a performance, or argue with their agents about billing, but between classes they rattle around the halls just as noisily as you do, their saddle shoes and their socks look just as droopy, they cram for exams just as you know who, and they get as tangled up in French verbs as anybody. Maybe more, for French is one subject that is taught in every grade from first



Ann Blyth, of "Watch on the Rhine," studies her part during lunchtime.

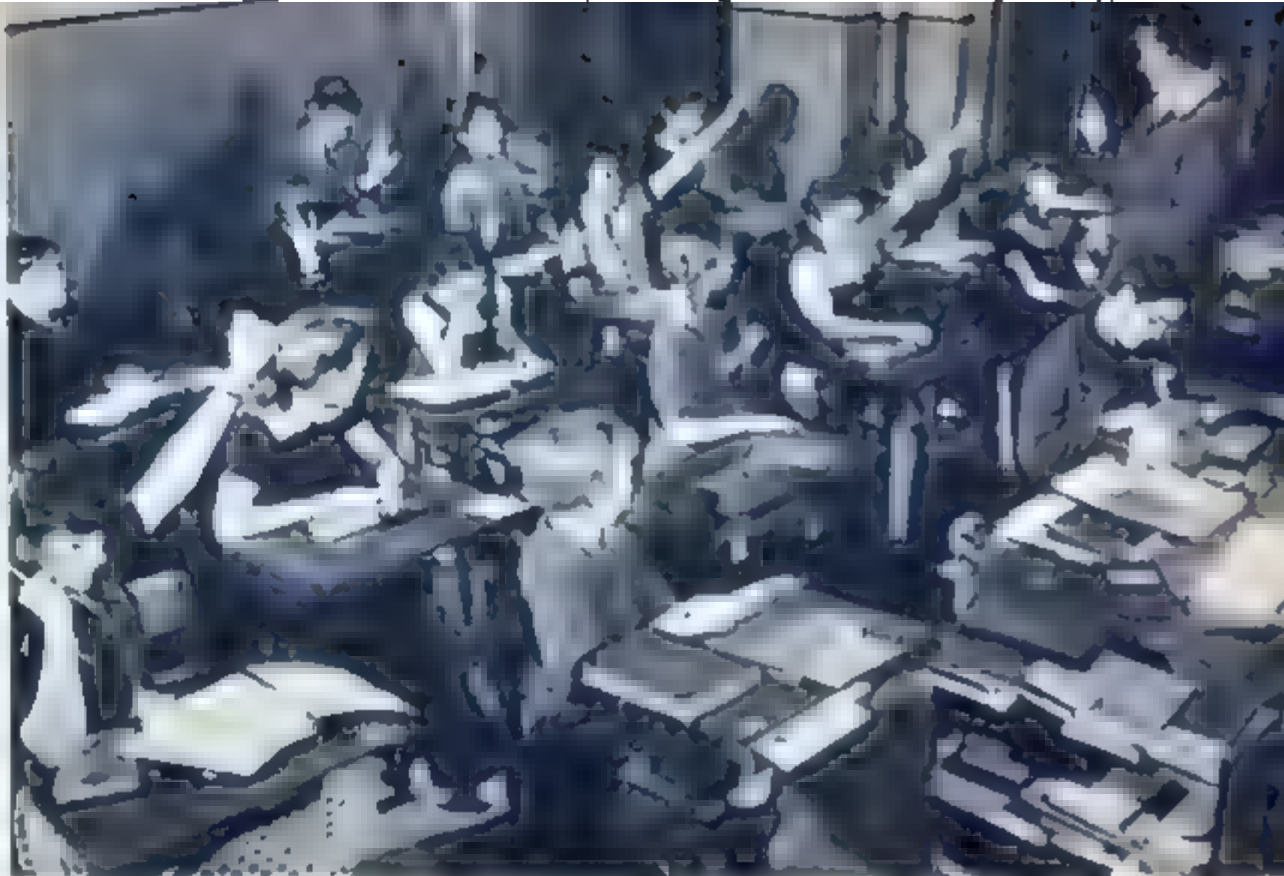


right through high at P.C.S.

Of course the school understands the demands of a career so it isn't unusual for a student to get a work call during class hours. Those who are models, for instance, are very apt to be called at any time and may be excused from class. The school acts as a sort of casting agency, too. It gets many requests for certain types of actors or singers and if any P.C.S.'ers seem right for the job they are given a chance at it. Recently MGM has been trying to find a little girl to play the feature role in the movie version of "Journey for Margaret," a part that requires a lot of dramatic talent including the ability to cry at the drop of a hat. The movie studio asked P.C.S. if they had anyone suitable for this role and several pupils have been trying out for it. Once a request came for a boy who looked like Jimmy Cagney at thirteen and who could dance and sing like George M. Cohan also at thirteen, for "Yankee Doodle Dandy." The school gave up on that one as being just a little too much to ask of anybody, but they were able to provide an artist with just the model he needed, a boy who was tall and gaunt enough to pose as Abraham Lincoln as a youth.

Students in an ordinary school wouldn't think of dyeing their hair, but in P.C.S. it isn't unusual for a regular rash of bleached hair to break out during the casting of a play that calls for a blonde ingenue. Several of the juvenile parts in the current Broadway hit, "Life With Father," have been played by boys in the school, and because the parts called for curly red hair these boys had to visit a beauty parlor every two weeks and put up their hair in curlers every night!

Many of the professional children have to travel part of the year, in road shows, on vaudeville circuits, or with circuses. When this happens a student simply does her work by mail, sending in her lessons every Friday and receiving in turn the next assignment together



Between rehearsals, matinees, and assignments, these young professionals learn the three R's plus. In this class, there are girls and boys from four current Broadway hits.



The actor-pupils may buy their lunches at the school or bring their own, but they can't go outside for lunch. Notice their favorite dessert! Remind you of your school?

*International News Photos*

with the previous corrected lesson. If the student needs help with the schoolwork while on the road, she can go to a local teacher who is usually very glad to give some time in exchange for a couple of passes to the show. At the school in New York City there is a correspondence room where all the receiving and mailing is handled. The assignments in the day school are exactly the same as those that are mailed out so that a traveling student can

come in town any time and slip back into class without a dropped stitch.

Before the war there were even students traveling in Europe who mailed their lessons in regularly, but of course they're all safely home now. P.C.S. has one student, a fifth generation bareback rider who has never attended a class in the day school. He is always on the road with a circus and has seen his alma mater only

*(Continued on page 54)*



## LET'S TALK THINGS OVER

(Continued from page 23)

older and younger folks works two ways. Each side must try to learn to follow the other's "queer" ways.

Let's hope that Carol is not too often disturbed and certainly does not meet with too-frequent "awful tones" and "hurt feelings." Perhaps, too, she can explain her attitude to her family and close older friends. And next time someone says she's tall, she might just smile cheerfully and murmur, "Yes, I guess I am!" And let it go at that.

When I come home from school at noon to eat my lunch, it is never ready. Often I have to be back to school early for important meetings. I am usually late and I miss out on many things. If my lunch was ready this would not happen. Please advise me what to do about it.—Nancy R., aged 13, Washington.

**N**ANCY certainly sounds like a young lady who recognizes the importance of being where she is supposed to be—on time!

But perhaps it would help her if she would try to think through the "how" side of achieving the things she wants to get done. We all know that a little "sitting down and planning things" can go a long, long way toward making the wheels turn well. And we know, too, that as girls grow older, they learn to assume more and more responsibility for their own comings and goings and doings.

For one thing, Nancy could participate in the lunch-on-time problem, and work out—with her mother or with whoever provides her lunches—just how getting her meals on

(Continued on page 37)



**\$1 will be paid for each Gadget for Girls published**

**SEND** as many Gadgets as you like, with or without rough drawings. Neatness, art work, and literary style do not count. Gadgets are chosen for originality and for probable interest to other girls. State your full name, address, and age. Address Gadgets for Girls, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York. All entries become the property of CALLING ALL GIRLS. They cannot be acknowledged or returned.

**Classroom Classics**—A cute but practical gadget for school is a little memo book made out of an old change purse. First slit the sides of the change purse. To bind your book, fold some paper (cut slightly smaller than the purse) and sew it along the fold of the paper and purse. The fastening of the change purse snaps over the open edge much like a diary catch.—Myrtle Snell, Windsor, Ont. Another very appropriate gadget for school is a map belt. Get a colored map of the United States or of Canada. Cut out the states carefully and back them with cardboard. Next, get some sturdy ribbon the length of your waist measurement plus eight inches for the bow. Staple the states, as many or as few as you want, about an inch apart along the ribbon. People will be sure to state that it's a very snappy belt.—Mary Clemens, Carbondale, Ill.

**Wartime Winners**—Now is the time for all good girls to conserve their clothes. Here's a new trick for making use of old sweaters. Trace the shape of your hand on a piece of cardboard. Cut out the cardboard pattern and slip it into the sweater. Pin the sweater evenly and firmly around the pattern and cut it out allowing about a half inch more than the pattern. Buttonhole-stitch the edges firmly and the result will

be a very fine glove. Make the other one just the same way. It's even simpler to make mittens—making your pattern of the four fingers as one plus a separate thumb. They're warm as toast and different, too.—Lil Miglin, Eynan, Pa.

**What's in Your Name?**—Do you want the world to know? Then if your name appeared in the article which ran in CALLING ALL GIRLS under that title, color the picture, cut it out, reinforce it with cardboard, and wear it on your lapel. A lapel pin, your name, and your meaning all in one!—Mary Smeaton, Guelph, Ont.

**Party, Party!**—Now that the fall season is under way and parties are starting again, here's a unique place-card idea that would be fun to try. Cut out the heads of your friends from snapshots and paste a toothpick on the back of them. Stick the other end in a gumdrop. It's great sport seeing your guests try to identify themselves.—Mary Alice Pierce, Denver Colo. Or you can have cute favors by giving each guest a wish. Place a small birthday candle in the center of a marshmallow. Tie a perky bow around the marshmallow. Each guest should make a wish before he or she blows out the candle.—Colleen Austgen, Chicago Heights, Ill.

**PINS RINGS** **FOR YOUR CLUB!**  
Beautifully Styled—Low Prices!  
Make your members conscious of their Membership. Write for catalog. Shows 300 styles, sterling and gold plate on sterling. Choose a design suitable for your group.  
HASTIAN BROS. Dept. 1 Rochester, N. Y.



## LET'S TALK THINGS OVER

(Continued from page 36)

time might be better managed. Perhaps Nancy could prepare part of her lunch before she leaves for school mornings. Lunch could be made a very simple meal. The table might be set in advance, too, or a luncheon tray. If someone else is going to assist, this other person can learn to understand what is involved and would, in that case, probably be more than willing to cooperate. Usually we do find that the "other feller" will do so far more readily if we ourselves pitch in and do our own share toward the solution of a problem of this kind. There are many girls of thirteen who do a great many home tasks. We are sure Nancy, too, will find it quite possible to work out this self-help problem.

I am a girl of fifteen and I correspond with soldiers I don't know. Mother doesn't like it, she wants me to quit writing to them. I know the soldiers need letters from girls to cheer them. What shall I do? Keep writing, or quit writing?—Frances Z., aged 15, Mississippi.

IT is very kind of Frances to want to send words of friendship and good cheer to our brave American soldier boys; but we can well understand how her mother feels about permitting her to correspond with young men who are "unknown" to her and her family.

It might be a good idea for Frances to begin to write her letters to men in service whom she does know or to whom she might be introduced. As time goes on, many of her friends and relatives will enter various branches of war service. Some of these may welcome letters from her. We know that everything is being done to keep the men serving Uncle Sam as cheerful as possible; but it is true that they especially like to get mail from the folks at home whose interests they have shared.

## IT'S SWELL—YOU OUGHT TO SEND FOR IT!



**GIRLS** everywhere are talking about the booklet—"As One Girl To Another"! This new booklet tells you just what it's O. K. to do . . . and what it's best to say "Ixnay" to . . . during certain days of the month. It discusses:

Swimming    Dancing    Tennis    Basketball    Bathing  
Social Contacts    Warning Signals    Tampons

And the makers of Kotex sanitary napkins have arranged for you to get this "swell" handbook absolutely *free*! Just fill in the coupon and mail today.



**FREE!**

INTERNATIONAL CELLUCOTTON PRODUCTS CO.  
Dept. CG-11, P. O. Box 3434, Chicago, Illinois  
Please send me FREE booklet, "As One Girl To Another"

Name . . . . .

Address . . . . .

City . . . . . State . . . . .



# JUNIOR HOUSEKEEPING DEPARTMENT

## Easy as Pie

Want to plan a party—menu and all—that will be a real success? Here's a wonderfully simple way for you to do it

By JANE RICHARDS, Food Editor



**E**VER think it would be fun to play around with a rolling pin? Ever want to plan something that would be a perfect ending for a party menu? Something for your gang to swoon over and think just out of this world? In other words—ever get the urge to make a pie? Not just an ordinary pie, but one of those delicate chiffon things, airy as angel wings, and full of heavenly flavor? It's more easily accomplished than you might imagine. Don't be too toplofty though! For even if certain dishes are "easy as pie" it doesn't hurt to have your mother around the first time you try out a recipe.

Then, after you have followed our directions and concocted one of these miracles of delicious fluff, why not give a Pie Party? All you have to do is to ask some of your friends to come for Dessert around seven o'clock on, say, Saturday night. (Saturday is a good time for the party because you'll need to be at home in the morning to make the pie.)

If there is a playroom at your house that the whole family uses, have the party there. If not, put up a bridge table in the living room so everyone can squeeze around. Or just serve buffet fashion and let your friends juggle pie in the sky! But however you decide to

serve, be sure to bring the pie in whole, in all its glory, as soon as your guests have arrived. Then everyone can see your handiwork and there will be an expectant hush, filled with mouth-watering suspense, while you serve it.

Be a mathematical sleuth and figure out well ahead of time how to cut your pie in even pieces. Use a wide pie knife or two narrower ones with which to serve the pieces. Chiffon and cream pies are very delicate and must be taken out of the pie plate with unusual care. Make the pie in a glass pie plate, if there is one in your kitchen, so it will look its most inviting. Serve tall glasses of frosty milk. Pie and milk have always been perfect partners and it's fun to chatter over them, too. Remember, if you have invited boys, that they like to talk as much as girls if girls only give them a chance! Or you can play games, leading off with this very appropriate one.

### PIE GAME

Make a list of twelve pies, jumbling the letters so they look like words in some strange language. BLUEBERRY, for instance, can be jumbled to look like this: REBURBLEY. And don't forget to put in HUMBLE PIE! Jumble it to look like this: BEUMHL. Give

everyone a copy of the jumbled pie list along with a pencil and another piece of paper. The two people who unjumble the most names most correctly and quickly get the prizes. You can buy miniature pie plates at the five-and-ten-cent store and fill them with anything you like, from marbles to sour balls! Tie each little pie plate with bright tissue and ribbon in plum-pudding fashion.

The easiest thing about our pie recipes is the crust. That's because it is not the usual pastry crust but one concocted from graham crackers. It is simple as can be and oh so delicious!

### GRAHAM CRACKER CRUST

14 graham crackers, rolled fine  
1/2 cup butter, softened  
2 tablespoons brown sugar, well packed

Remove butter from refrigerator and let stand on kitchen table to soften. Place graham crackers on clean brown paper, roll as fine as possible with a rolling pin. Pour crumbs into small mixing bowl. Add brown sugar, packed down well into each tablespoon. Add softened butter and mix ingredients with fingers so that they blend with each other. Butter 8- or 9-inch pie plate well. Place mixture in pie plate. Press down firmly with fingers so it covers bottom and sides of pie plate evenly. Leave no holes! See that crust is equally thick around sides and that edge comes up to rim of pan. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) about five minutes, until crust just begins to get brown around edges. Remove from oven and cool. Serves six



(four, if you have boys!)

### MAGIC CHOCOLATE PIE

Baked 8- or 9-inch graham cracker crust  
2 squares 2 ounces unsweetened chocolate  
1 can (1 cup) condensed milk  
1/2 cup water  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
1/2 teaspoon vanilla

Put chocolate in top part of boiler and place over boiling water. Add condensed milk, stirring every moment while mixture thickens. If water is bubbling in bottom part of double boiler, mixture should take no more than 5 minutes to thicken. Don't worry if it looks lumpy the first few minutes; by the time it has finished getting quite thick it will be smooth as velvet. Remove from heat at once. Add salt and water, gradually stirring as you add the water so it blends smoothly with chocolate mixture. Let it cool and don't get impatient while it does so. Add vanilla and stir. Do not worry if mixture looks runny. Pour into graham cracker shell. Place in refrigerator to "set." This will take at least an hour, maybe

longer. Before serving cover with whipped cream made as follows

### WHIPPED CREAM

1/2 cup cream  
1 tablespoon sugar (preferably confectioners)  
1/4 teaspoon vanilla

Whip cream, which should be cold, in small bowl with rotary beater. When it thickens somewhat add sugar and vanilla. Whip until it is as thick as you like it but do not overwhip or it will taste buttery. Spread on chilled chocolate pie

### LEMON CHIFFON PIE

Baked 8- or 9-inch graham cracker crust  
1 tablespoon (1 envelope) unflavored gelatin  
1/2 cup cold water  
1/2 cup sugar Put aside 1/4 cup for egg whites or use 1 c. light corn syrup  
1/2 cup lemon juice (about 2 lemons)  
1/4 teaspoon salt  
3 egg yolks  
3 egg whites

Put water in cup and sprinkle gelatin on top. Watch the gelatin soften and absorb the water. Separate the eggs carefully. Put the yolks in top part of double boiler (but do

not put it over heat yet) and beat them lightly with a fork. Mix in 1/2 cup sugar only, lemon juice, and salt. (If you use corn syrup add it all now and do not save any for the egg whites.) Place over hot water over low flame and stir every moment until mixture thickens and looks custardy. If there are any lumps in it that means you have cooked it over too high a heat and haven't stirred it thoroughly enough. If so, put it through a strainer quickly so it remains hot. Now add the gelatin to the hot custard mixture. Stir thoroughly and watch gelatin dissolve. Put in refrigerator and let it get real cool. Beat egg whites with rotary beater, gradually adding sugar, until whites are very, very stiff. Fold in the cool lemon mixture so it is well blended with beaten whites. Pour into pie pan which holds the cool, baked graham cracker crust. For a last little professional touch, roll a graham cracker extra fine and sprinkle a tablespoon of the crumbs over pie top

# *\$25<sup>00</sup> in Prizes—*

## **For Snapshots of Girls by Girls!**

**H**ERE'S your chance to snap up a cash prize! For the most interesting and appealing photographs of girls by girls, **CALLING ALL GIRLS** will award a first prize of \$10.00 and 15 prizes of \$1.00 each. In addition, 10 honorable mentions will be made. Use any kind of camera or film. You don't have to be a camera expert—entries will be judged for attractiveness rather than quality or expert pho-

tography. Pictures may be any size but must not be mounted. Submit as many as you like, but none will be acknowledged or returned. The contest closes on November 5, 1942. On the back of each photograph must be written the name of the girl who took the picture, her address, and her age. Send all entries to Camera Contest, **CALLING ALL GIRLS**, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y.





# Be Your Own Sergeant

You belong to the army of American girls. The standard is high so judge yourself critically. Can you pass inspection?

By NELL GILES  
Author of "Susan, Be Smooth!"

**I**F your brother's in uniform, as mine is, haven't you been absolutely overcome by what Uncle Sam has done to make him smooth looking? Bill was an average brother, until he met his big Uncle in person. Now his uniform is spotless, his tie is straight, his shoes are shined. And when you get down to brass tacks—or brass buttons—these are the little things that give him the smooth look. His face, I'll have to admit, is still not the Hollywood type. Girls, too, can seem

to be good looking when actually they're only neat.

Can you imagine Brenda Marshall using a safety pin to mend a broken shoulder strap, or folding over the toe of her sock to hide a hole? You and a soldier and a movie star have one thing in common: you can't pass inspection if you're careless!

Let's take a look at the equipment you need to keep your good looks in top form: Every soldier in his barracks and every movie star in her dressing room has a sewing kit; so should you. Think of all the little things that need your needle and thread right now: that good slip you keep pushing to the back of your underwear drawer because one shoulder strap is broken, the hem in your plaid skirt, a button on your coat. It's true that a safety pin will serve the purpose, but it won't pass inspection! Don't wait for the shoulder strap to break, the hem to come out, and the button to come off. A few minutes once a week will prevent all this.

Take that shoulder strap problem. Did you know that in the nearest dime store, or in the notions department of any merchant's, you'll find a pair of dainty shoulder tapes complete with snaps and tiny gold safety pins? You fasten the safety pin to the shoulder seam of your dress; slip the tape around your shoulder straps and snap the ends. This holds your straps up so they never show below your sleeves . . . and never break from sudden strain! Or take the problem of hems that come out and show



Nancy Gates, RKO star, has a bandbox look even when she's relaxing.



Don't Let Surface  
**PIMPLES**  
Get You Down!  
**JUST DO THIS...**

When you're troubled with embarrassing surface pimples that often cause you to shy away from all the fun—just do this as thousands of happy young girls and boys have for over thirty-five years. Put your faith in Poslam Ointment and Soap. First thoroughly cleanse face with non-alkali Poslam Soap, then apply medicated Poslam Ointment—the surprising results will delight you, for Poslam starts to work right away! You know Poslam must be good, for over 18 million packages have been sold—costs so little at drug-gists everywhere.

Get Poslam today and get results!

A recent survey made among nurses from coast to coast showed that 96% approved Poslam for the claims made for it, recommended by doctors!



**FREE**—Generous ointment sample—write to Poslam Dept. K 11 254 W 54th St. NYC

**POSLAM SOAP & OINTMENT**

below your skirt. How messy that looks . . . but sometimes it happens at school and what can you do about it? You can prevent it happening by a once-a-week inspection at home. Hems in ready-made clothes are put in by machine with a loop stitch which easily catches and ravel the whole length of the thread. If you'll take a minute to go over the hem by hand, what a lot of trouble you'll save! Hems are easy to put in. See how the ready-made ones have tape stitched on flat? You can buy tape and do your home-made skirts the same way. But before the tape is stitched on, have someone mark your skirt very carefully so that it's the same distance from the floor all around. Pretty legs and feet are no attraction if they only







# Teddy Bear Stuff



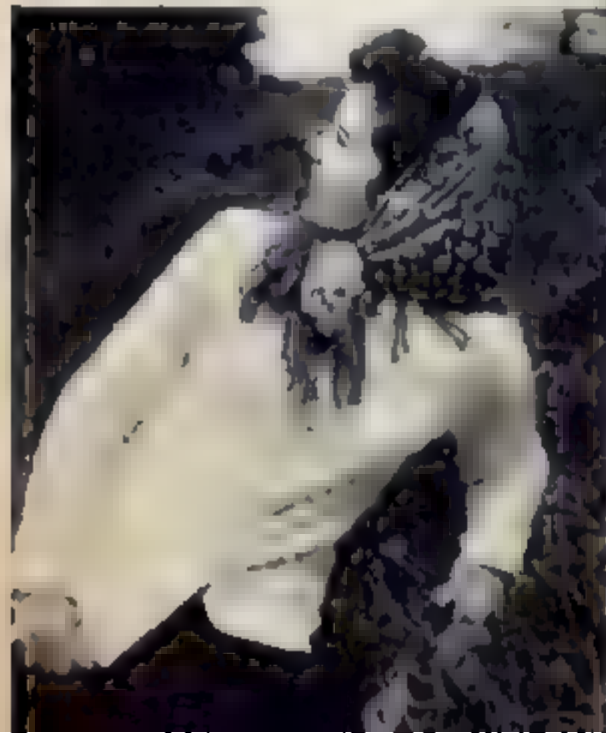
Autograph Teddy Bear—popular teen mascot.

**T**HEY'RE wonderful, they're warm, they're strictly on the beam—these Teddy Bear coats that are just as smart over a formal or a date dress as they are over a sport skirt or slacks. They are the "fad-fashion" of the year; the "must have" for every knowing teen. They look like a million, yet they are modestly priced for high school budgets. Plan your winter wardrobe around a Teddy Bear coat, even if you have to save on other things to have one.

Cutest lids of the season—red felts with Teddy Bear trim to match coats.



Teddy Bear sweater by Regal—shaggy brushed rayon, about \$5. Wear it over skirts and dresses. Glentex Pick-a-Patch kerchief.



Ermine white Teddy Bear is your dish if you're a brunette, like fifteen-year-old Betty Cornell. The red flannel border is embroidered in green. About \$17, sizes 10 to 16. Beaver-brown Teddy Bear for you, if you're blonde like sixteen-year-old Shirley Poirer (the girl on the front cover this month). About \$17, sizes 10 to 16.

See these Teddy Bear fashions in the Junior Deb department of R. H. Macy & Co., Herald Square, New York, N. Y., or order them by mail. For name of store in your city where they may be purchased write Nancy | Pepper, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y., enclosing 3c stamp to cover postage.





# Hug-Me-Tight Jackets in the Groove for Teen Dating

By NANCY PEPPER  
Fashion Editor



**QUILTEE**—High schoolers follow the college crowd with quilted fashions for fall. Here's a velveteen date dress with quilted Hug-Me-Tight jacket and dirndl skirt. Teen sizes 10 to 16. About \$15 at Stern Bros., New York City.

**HARLEQUIN**—Harlequin colors in a spun rayon two-piece Hug-Me-Tight dress go over big on any date. This is the season to be daring about colors. Sizes 10 to 16. About \$6 at Martin's, Brooklyn, N. Y.

**CRISPETTE**—Plaid taffeta and plain faille are a crisp team for a Hug-Me-Tight date dress. Swishes alluringly when you dance—and you'll dance plenty when you wear it. Sizes 10 to 16. About \$8 at R. H. Macy & Co., New York City.

For stores in your town featuring these dresses, write to Nancy Pepper, **CALLING ALL GIRLS**, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y. Please enclose 3c stamp to cover postage.



# NEW hats for OLD

## Hats and Flowers

**F**LASH! Teen fashions for fall are simply dripping with felt appliques. So, if you're the slick chick we think you are, you will salvage all the old felt hats you can find and start cutting up on your own. (You can buy felt by the yard too.) Here are some keen trimming ideas to put new zip into last year's finery.



### Left, from top to bottom:

- Felt four-leaf clovers are good luck around your cardigan buttonholes.
- Hearts around your pull-over neckline and a heart pocket on your sleeve.
- South of the border on any skirt. Cut felt strips with pinking shears or use regular cotton rickrack.
- Look at last year's long tarse date dress, will you?

### Right, from top to bottom:

- Try a whopping big felt flower on the shoulder of last year's tweed rafer.
- Hearts and flowers with rickrack on the shoulders of any jumper.
- Turn over a new leaf down the front of your pet jacket.
- Cut little circles from scraps of felt; sew them around your pockets for confetti confusion.

All right—get to work, and don't spare the colors. Try beads for flower centers. Stitch petals flat or, just in one corner. Draw your designs first—any shape or size—then cut 'em out.



Who would ever suspect that this trim pillbox with its yarn pompons was somebody's out-of-date lid?



Peaked caps are tops for teens—so why not make one yourself, edged with yarn. Easy when you know how.



Brimful of style. Fetching, too, with those eyelids embroidered in yarn. Flattering style for almost any girl.

Make-over directions free on request. Send stamped, addressed envelope to Fashion Editor, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York, N. Y.



# IRONS IN THE FIRE

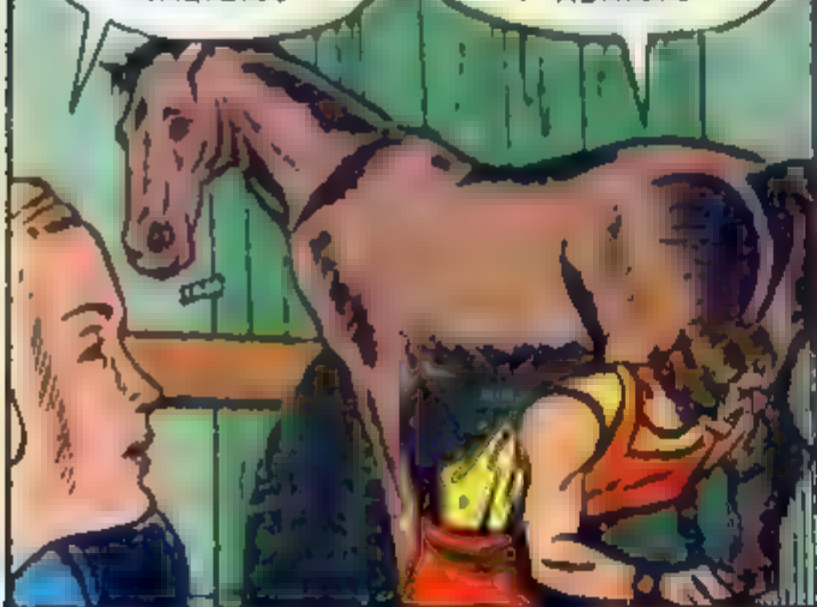


THE TRUE STORY OF KATHERINE FABER WHO CARRIED ON THE FAMILY BUSINESS AS THE KING'S SMITH IN THE TOWER OF LONDON, WHILE THE MEN WENT TO WAR.

AT THE TIME OF THE 100 YEARS WAR, THERE WERE NO MACHINE FACTORIES.

YOU'RE BEHIND WITH YOUR WORK, WALTER.

YES, KATHERINE, NO MATTER HOW I HURRY.

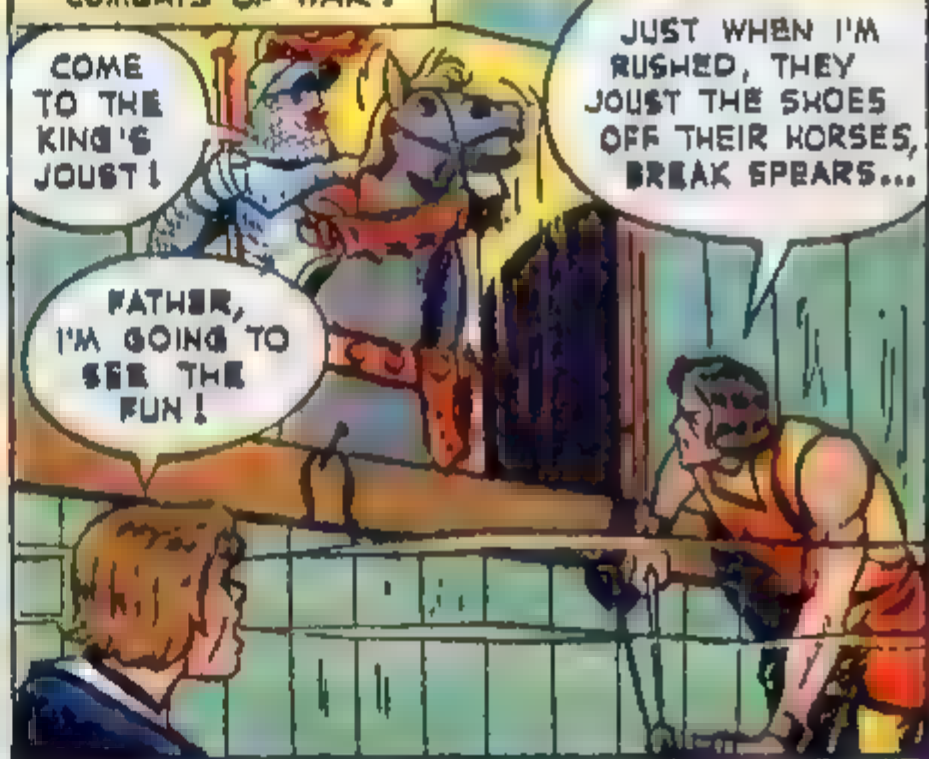


JOUSTS WERE TRAINING FOR THE SERIOUS COMBATS OF WAR.

COME TO THE KING'S JOUST!

JUST WHEN I'M RUSHED, THEY JOUST THE SHOES OFF THEIR HORSES, BREAK SPEARS...

FATHER, I'M GOING TO SEE THE FUN!



WHEN THE LADIES WATCHED, JOUSTS WERE GAMES.

DON'T LAUGH. IN REAL WAR HE'D BE KILLED BEFORE HE COULD MOUNT AGAIN.

HA, HA, HA!

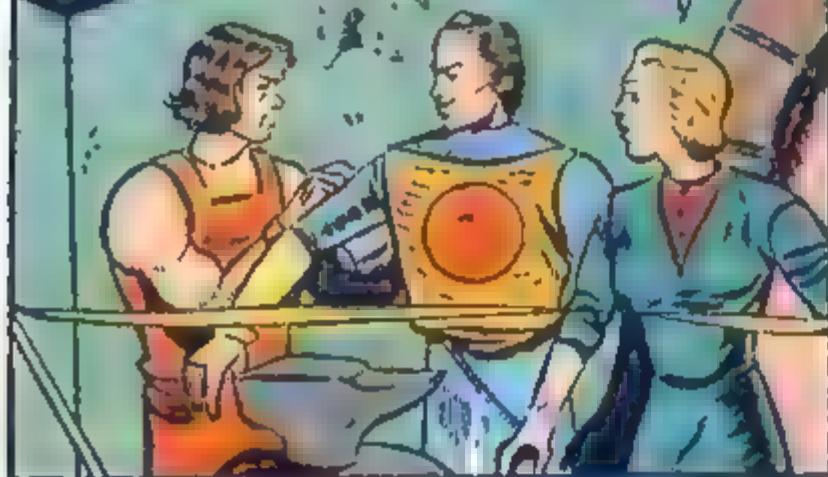




SOMETIMES THE BLACKSMITH WAS A TAILOR, TOO, REPAIRING SUITS OF MAIL.

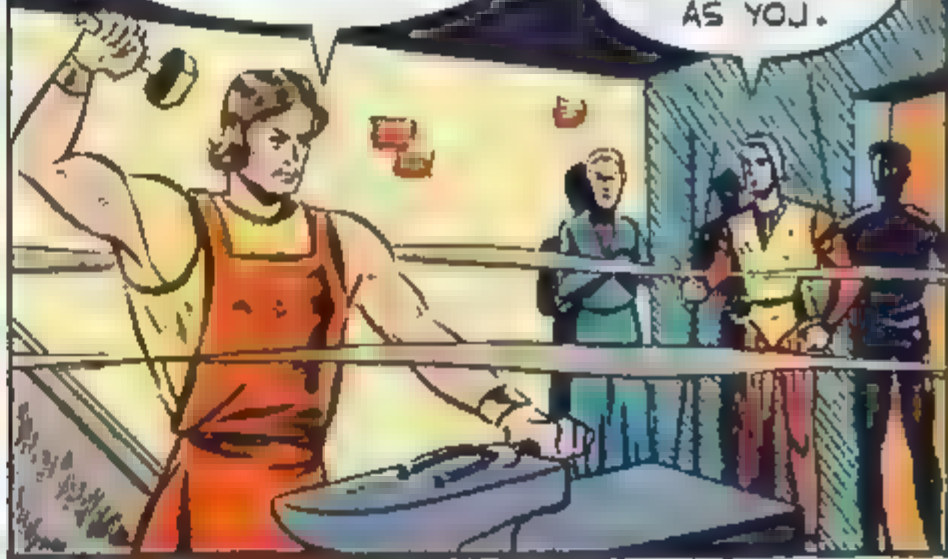
THE SLEEVE GOT IN MY WAY. I COULDN'T HANDLE A LANCE.

MAYBE THE CUFF ISN'T CURVED RIGHT.



I MUST GO ON WITH MY WORK. YOU FIND OUT WHAT THEY NEED, KATHERINE.

YES, SHE UNDERSTANDS THIS AS WELL AS YOU.



SOON AFTERWARDS FABER DIED.

DON'T WORRY, MOTHER, I WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU.

THE KING'S SMITH MUST BE A GOOD WORKMAN.



BUT I CAN DO THE POUNDING, AND YOU CAN DIRECT ME.

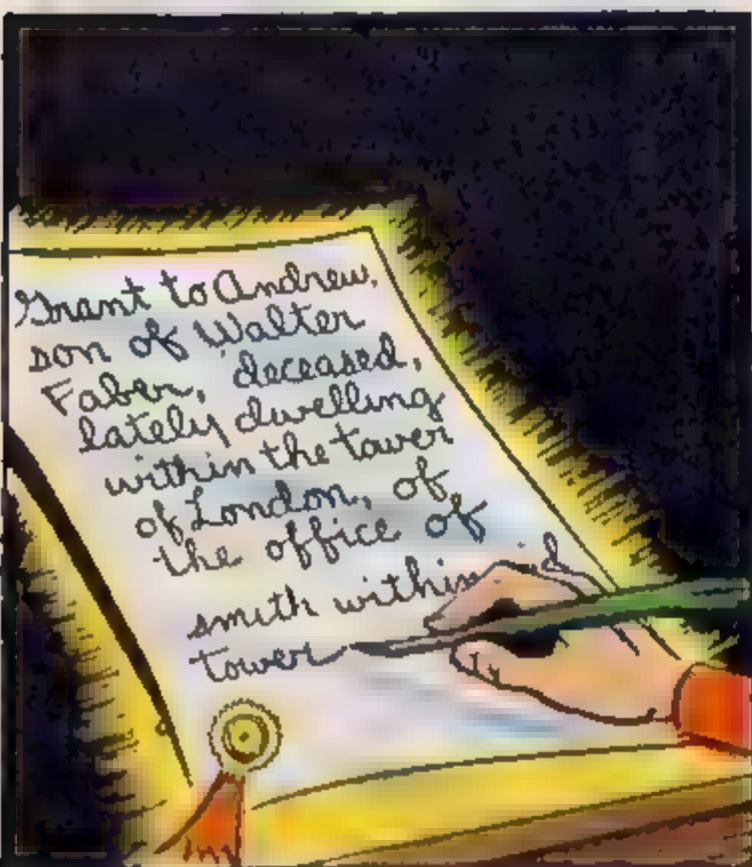
I DO KNOW HOW.



YES, I WILL GIVE ANDREW THE APPOINTMENT IF MISTRESS FABER WILL HELP HIM. RECORDER, WRITE THIS.



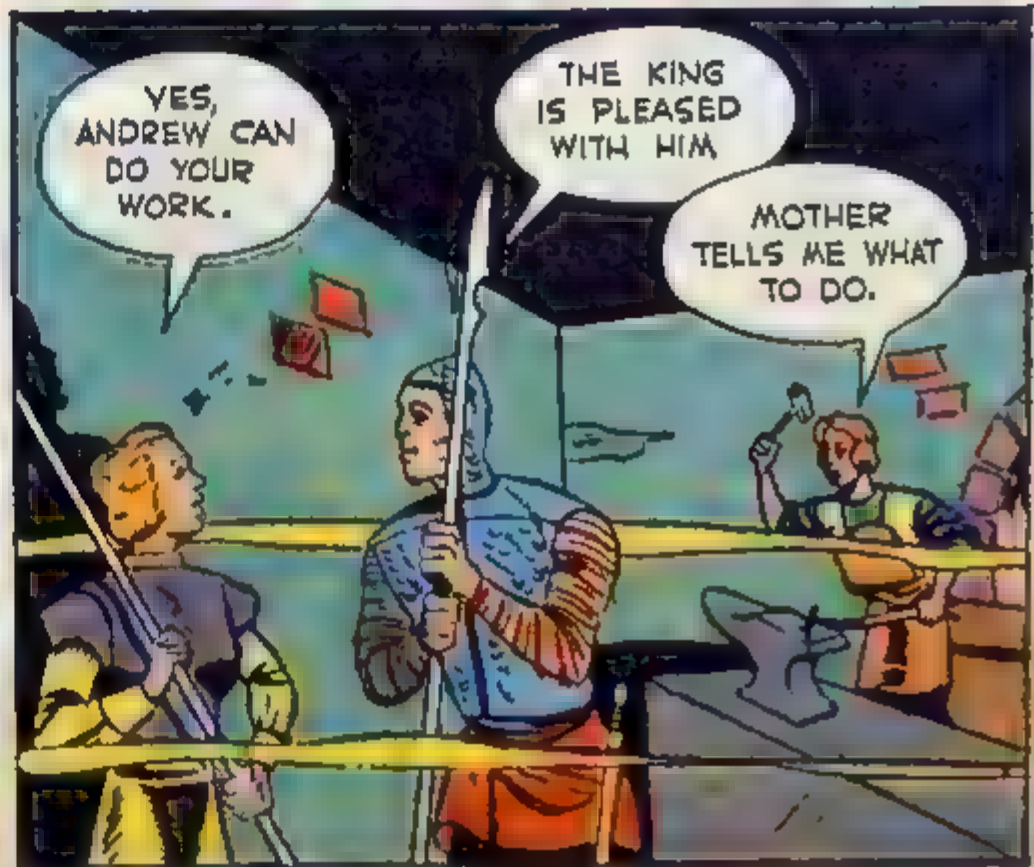
Grant to Andrew, son of Walter Faber, deceased, lately dwelling within the tower of London, of the office of smith within tower



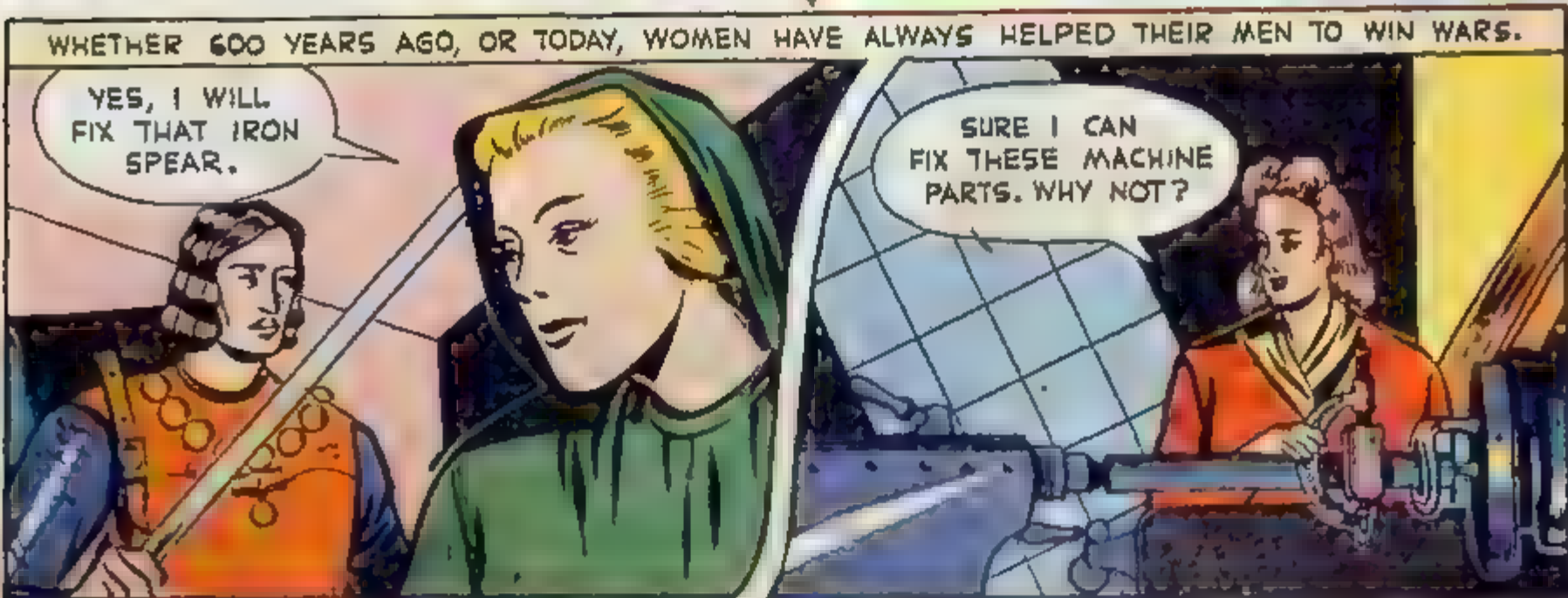
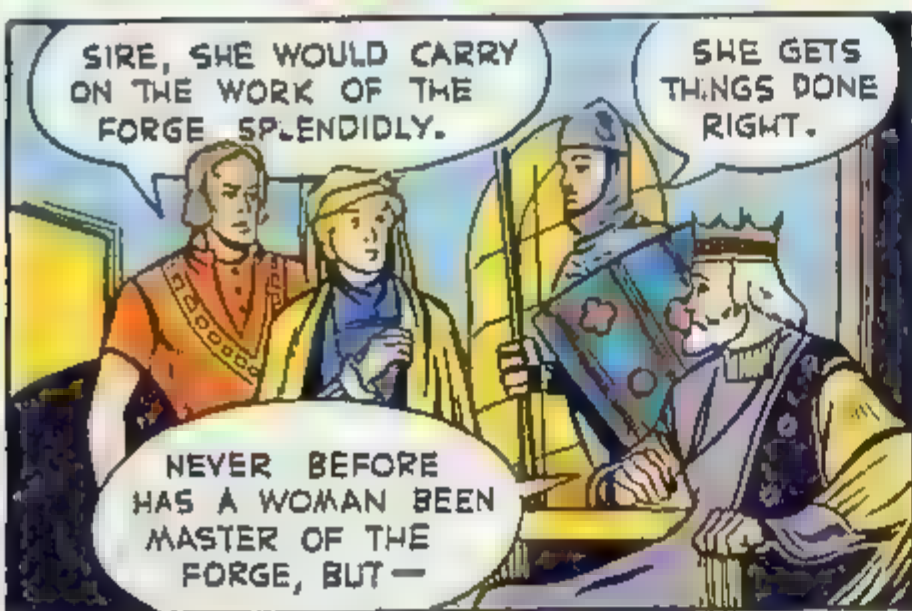
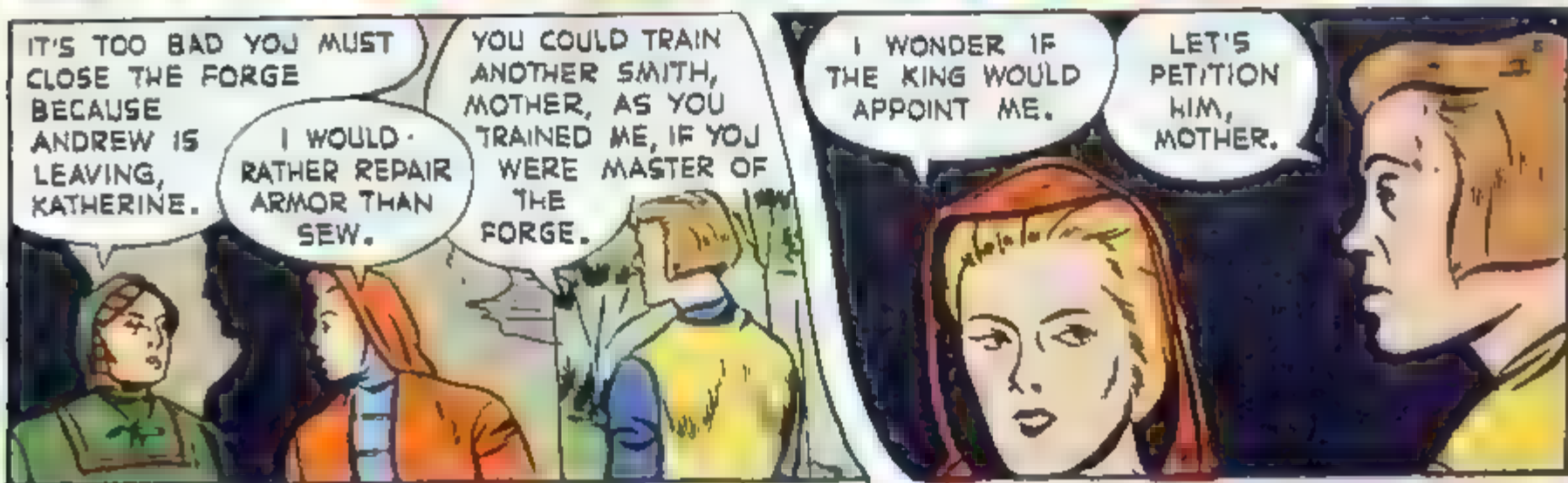
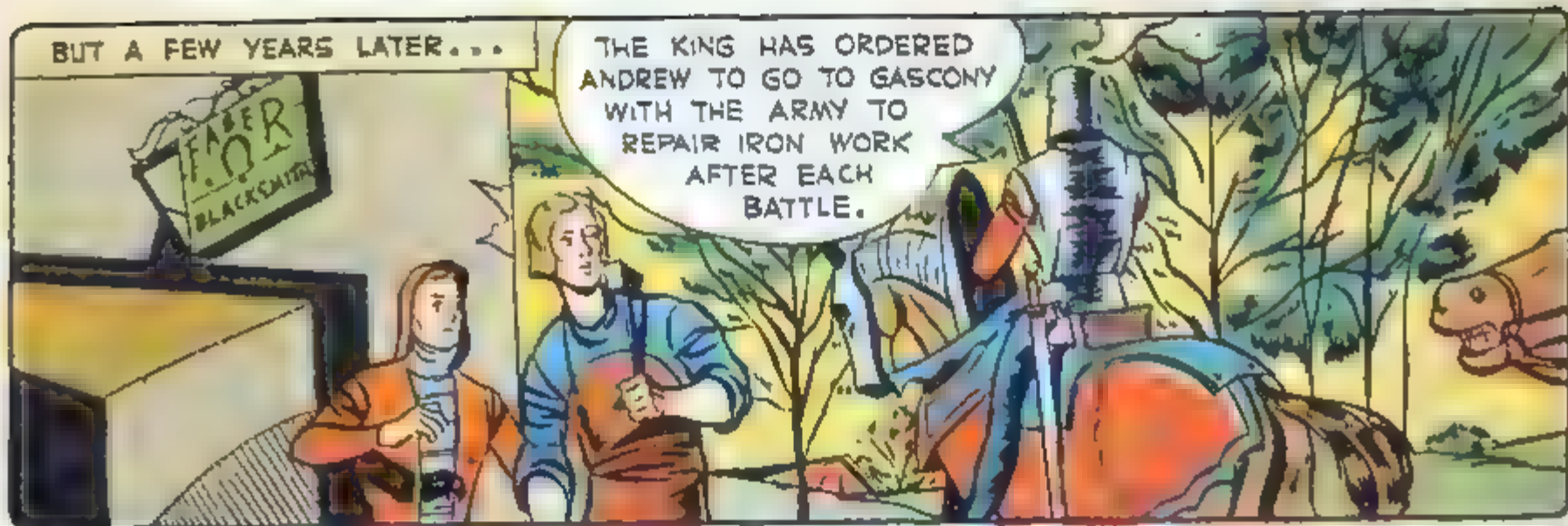
YES, ANDREW CAN DO YOUR WORK.

THE KING IS PLEASED WITH HIM

MOTHER TELLS ME WHAT TO DO.









## HARVEST MOON OVER HER SHOULDER

(Continued from page 10)

district attorney. Doris was to be the victim because she had the most blood-curdling scream. It seemed to take the murderer a long time to find his intended prey in the dark. Suddenly Doris gave out with a scream that made everyone jump.

"Okay, everyone. I'll turn on the lights," cried Brad. But Doris didn't stop shrieking. She went on and on and her voice had a real note of terror in it. "Hey, that's enough, Doris. You're dead now," cried Brad.

"There's something in this barn!" screamed Doris. "I reached up and touched it. I thought it was you, Brad. Help, it's after me again. It tried to bite me! Help! I felt it's hot breath on my face."

Pandemonium reigned, with everyone scrambling about, the boys nobly going to Doris' rescue, the girls yelling and trying to climb into the hayloft. To make things worse, Brad couldn't find the light switch. In the dark they could hear a heavy body moving clumsily about. At last Karen got the lights on and they all blinked at what they saw.

Standing calmly by the refreshment counter, serenely eating the maple leaves that hid the food, was Daisy, the red and white cow. She had walked in the open door to join the fun.

"Come, Daisy," coaxed Karen. "Come on outside. This isn't your party." Daisy tossed her head petulantly and the bell tinkled. She pushed aside the maple leaves and dipped her head into the big bowl of freshly popped corn. With one swipe of her big tongue she half emptied the bowl before Karen could get her away.

Karen picked up a maple branch and switched Daisy's legs to make her hurry. With a reproachful look out of her mild brown eyes, Daisy ambled out the door, munching maple leaves and popcorn, unmindful of the havoc she had made.

"Whew!" choked Brad, wiping the tears of laughter out of

his eyes. "That was almost a real murder! Boy, Doris, you howled like a banshee."

"Well," said Doris, sticking her head up out of the hay where she'd been hiding, "I guess you would too if—if you'd been attacked by a strange—thing in the dark! How did I know it was just a cow?"

Karen surveyed the wreckage of the refreshment counter ruefully. The maple branches were scattered on the floor and the popcorn was nearly gone. What was left of it, of course, they couldn't eat. But there was still plenty of gingerbread and cider.

"Well, kids," she said, trying not to sound as mortified as she felt, "I guess we'd better eat what's left of the refreshments before Daisy comes back for more."

And then it wasn't long before Harry brought around the wagon to take them home. As

Wouldn't you just know something like that would happen? The boys thought it was funny, but I was embarrassed to death. Gee, Mom, I wish I knew if the crowd really had a good time. They said so, but then, they had to be polite."

That was the first thought in Karen's mind when she woke next morning just in time to get dressed for church. Had the crowd really liked her party? Or were they just being polite because they were sorry for her and her pitiful attempt to entertain?

After church, when the Thompsons were getting into their old car, Karen heard her name called and turned to see Peg and Doris hurrying down the church steps.

"Hey, there!" cried Doris. "Wait a sec, will you?"

"Look," bubbled Peg as they came up to Karen, "you know I'm chairman of the Harvest Moon committee and on the way home last night I had a marvelous idea. The committee was all there in the wagon, so I called a meeting right then and there. And we decided where to have the Harvest Moon shindig. Only, of course, we don't know how you'll feel about it, Karen."

"How I'll feel?" Karen asked wonderingly. "But I'm not on the committee, Peg."

"But you see, Karen, we want to have the party in your barn, if you'll let us? We think it'd be terribly different and fun—just as your party was last night. We're so sick of dressing up and sitting around in stuffy houses having to be careful not to scratch furniture and stuff. And we decided to have the same kind of refreshments, too. With the war on and all, it isn't patriotic to have fancy cakes and ice cream. Besides, yours tasted swell. What do you say, Karen, will you have us?"

Karen's face was radiant. "Will I have you?" she chortled. "What do you think?"

### COMING SOON IN CALLING ALL GIRLS

out about the first of every month

#### SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER

A blizzard in the north country proved that Ann had her dad's fighting spirit.

#### BE CRAFTY THIS CHRISTMAS

And dazzle your friends with these attractive gifts you can make yourself.

#### MAGIC BLADES

Sonja Henie's skill and determination brought her championships and fame.

And lots of other grand  
features, stories, comics.

Karen stood in the farmyard calling goodbyes, she saw the big yellow harvest moon over her shoulder, dipping behind the wooded hills. Her party was over. The barn was a shambles, there wasn't a crumb of gingerbread nor a drop of cider left.

Karen, exhausted, collapsed on her mother's bed. "Well, it's over, Mom. I had fun, till Daisy ate up the popcorn.



# The Yorktown Younger Set...

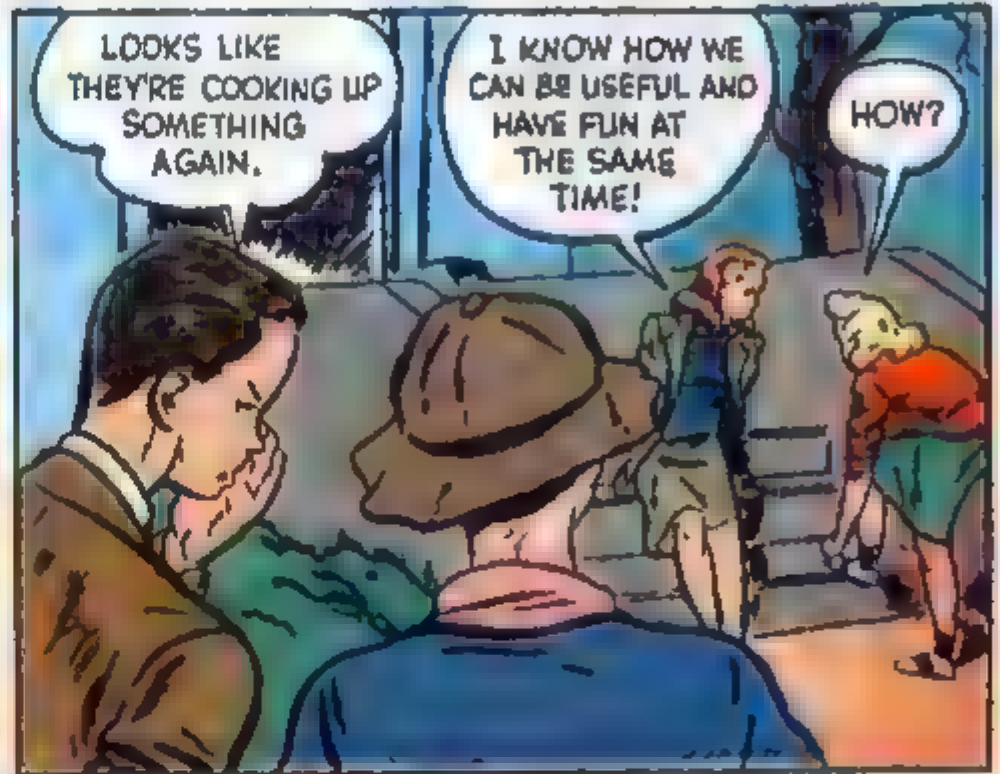


## SALVAGE SORTIE



HALLOWEEN'S ALMOST ON TOP OF US. DON'T YOU THINK WE OUGHT TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT?

OF COURSE. BUT JUST A PARTY SEEMS SORT OF FRIVOLOUS THESE DAYS.



LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE COOKING UP SOMETHING AGAIN.

I KNOW HOW WE CAN BE USEFUL AND HAVE FUN AT THE SAME TIME!

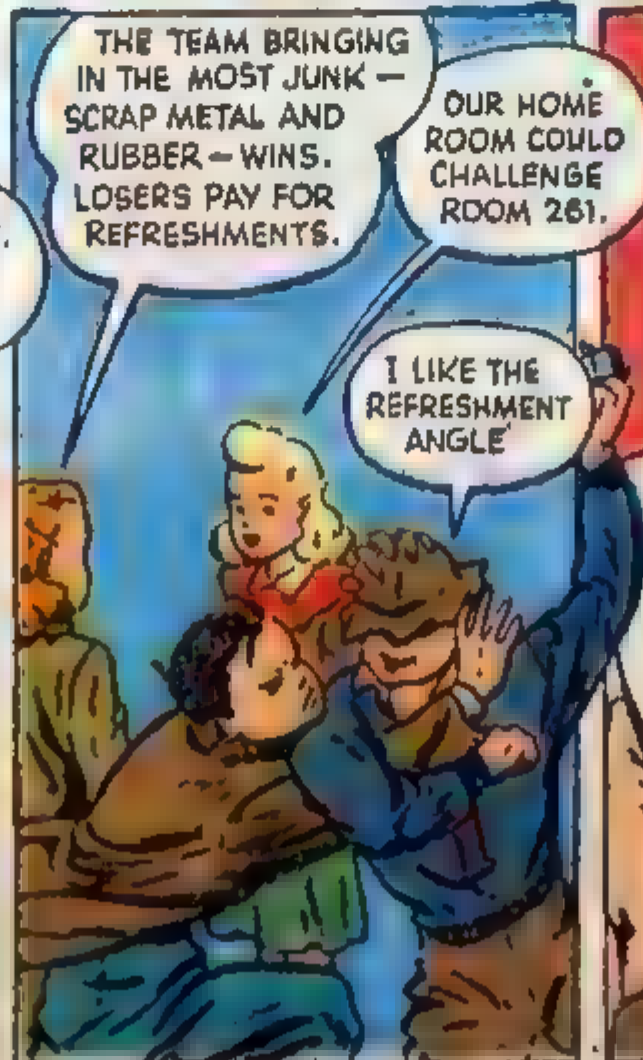
HOW?



WITH A SALVAGE SORTIE!

A WHAT?

I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN. WE'D HAVE TO HAVE TEAMS AND...



THE TEAM BRINGING IN THE MOST JUNK — SCRAP METAL AND RUBBER — WINS. LOSERS PAY FOR REFRESHMENTS.

OUR HOME ROOM COULD CHALLENGE ROOM 261.

I LIKE THE REFRESHMENT ANGLE

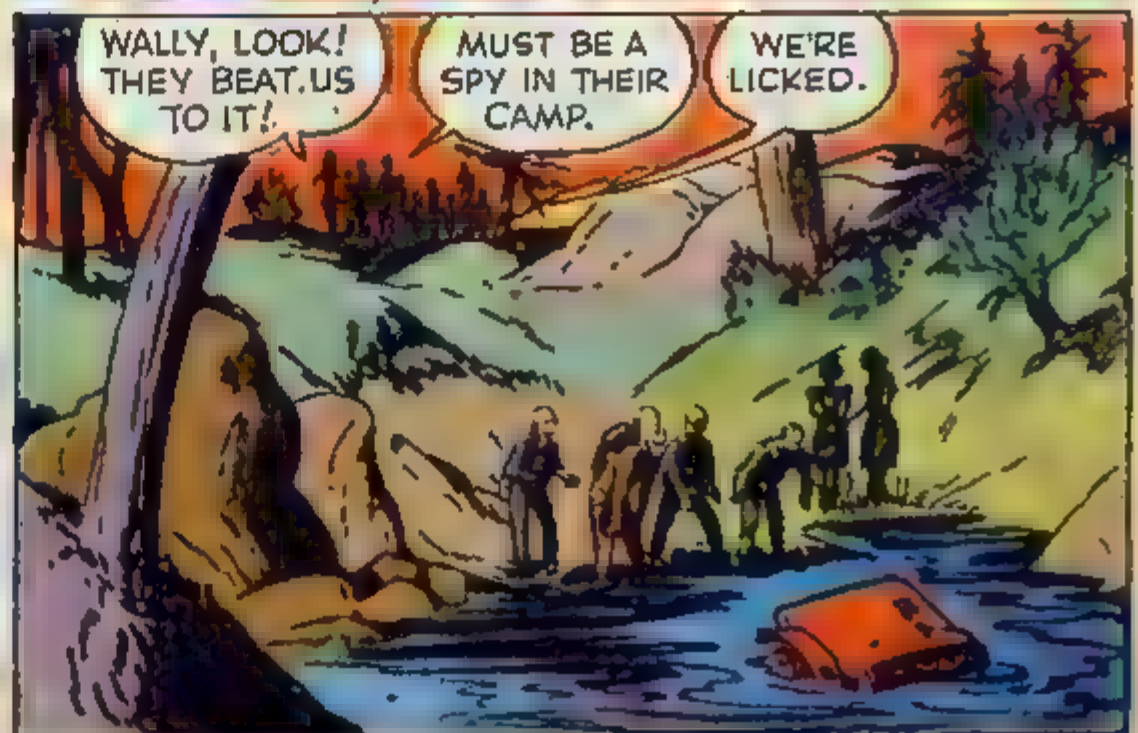
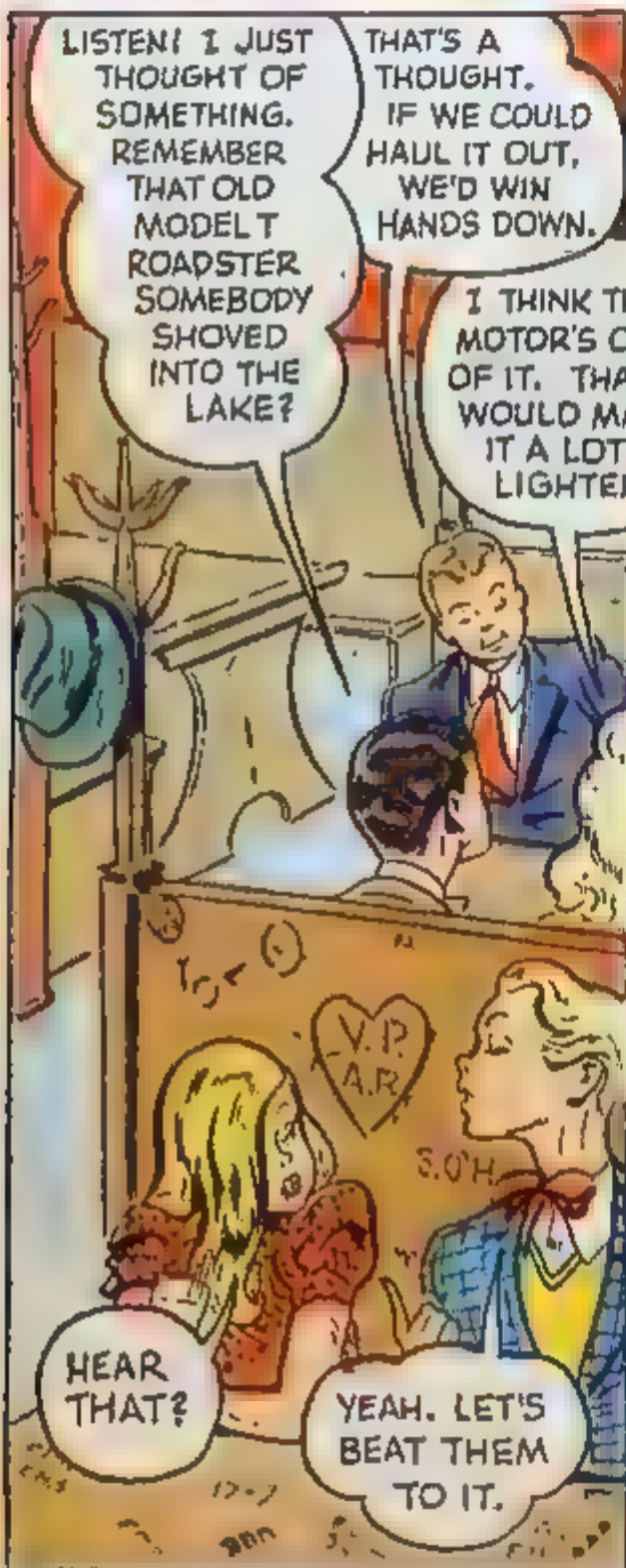
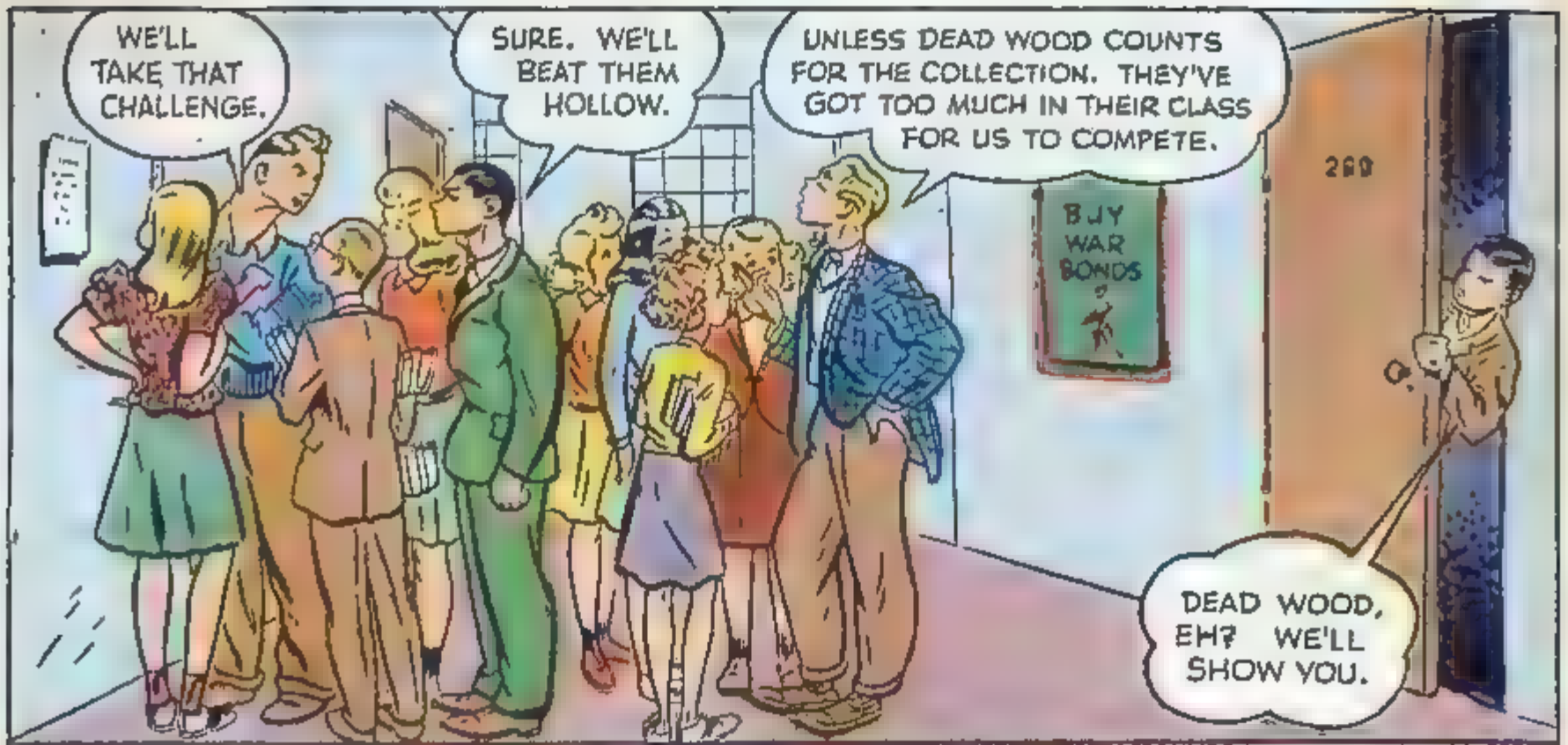
A WEEK LATER...

OUR HOME ROOM APPROVES THESE. NOW WE PIN THEM AND THE CHALLENGE ON THEIR DOOR.

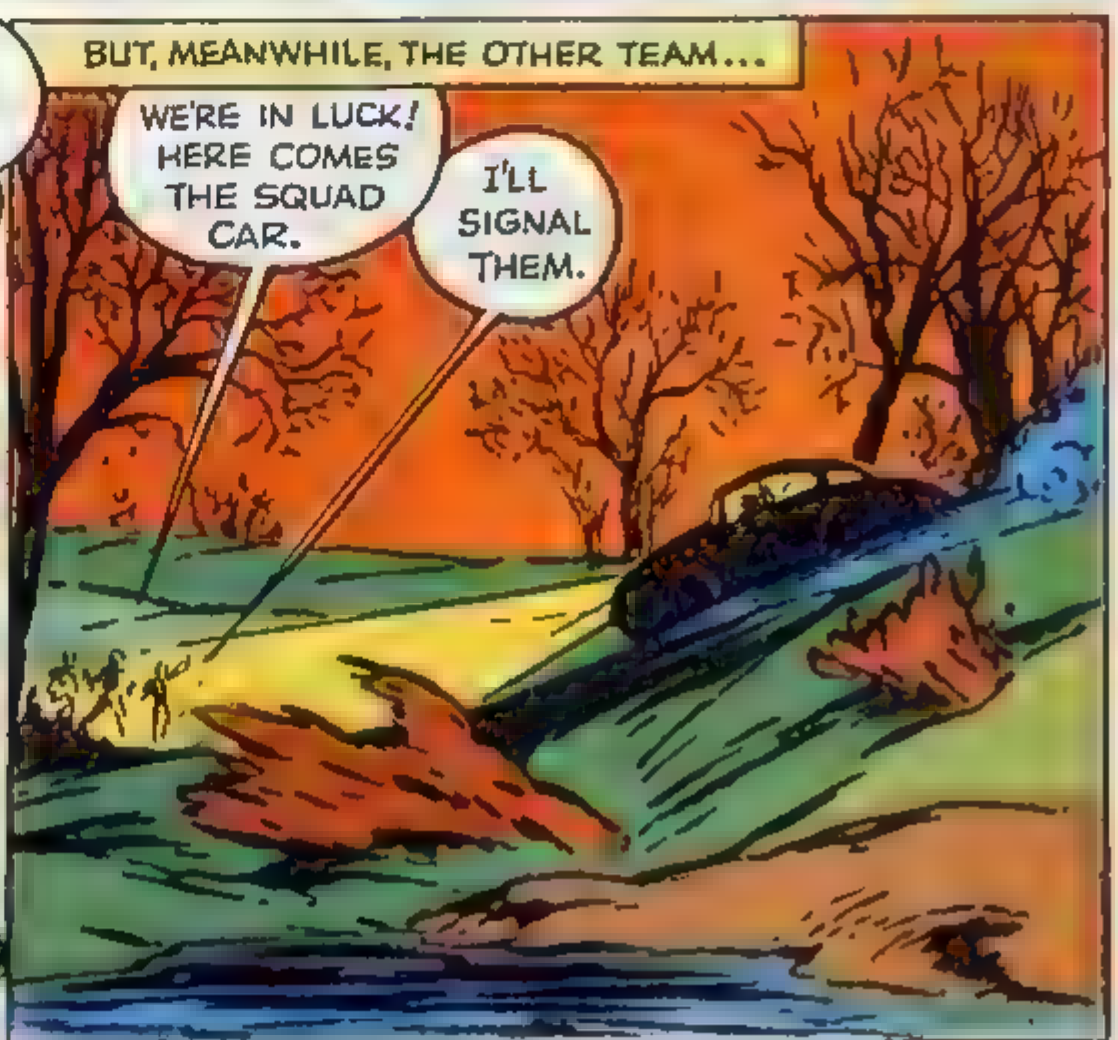
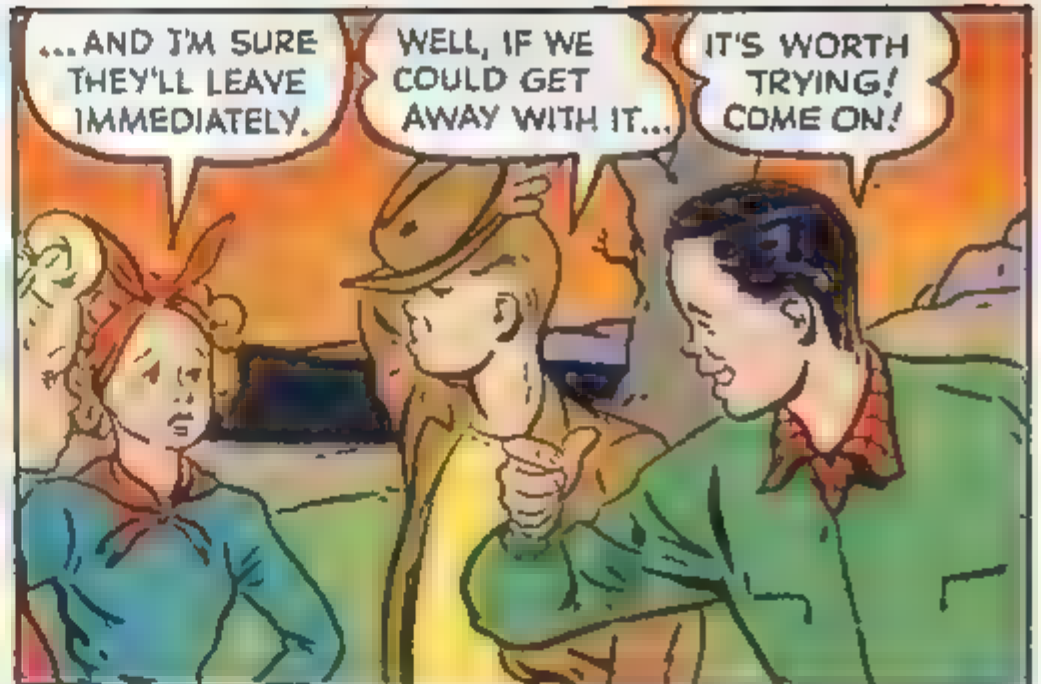
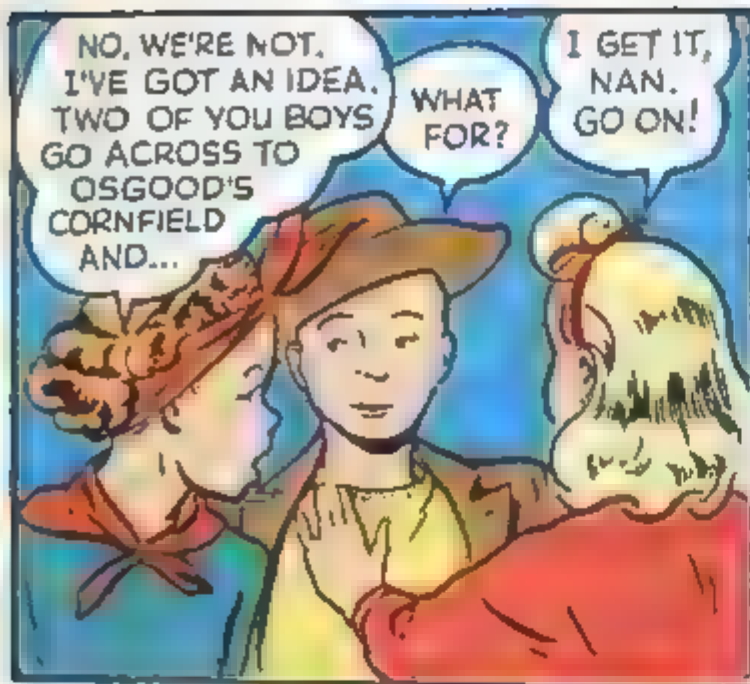
### SALVAGE SORTIE RULES

1. No collecting to start before 6 p.m. on October 31 st.
2. All scrap to be at bonfire by 8 p.m.
3. Losing team pays for refreshments.

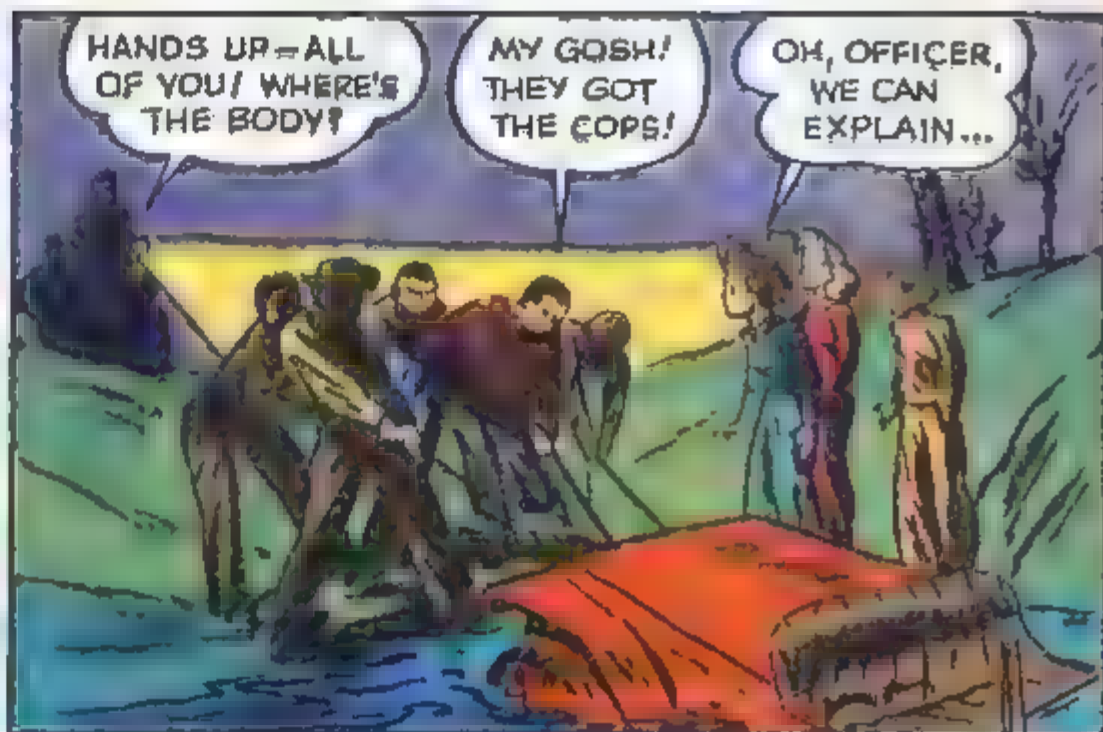












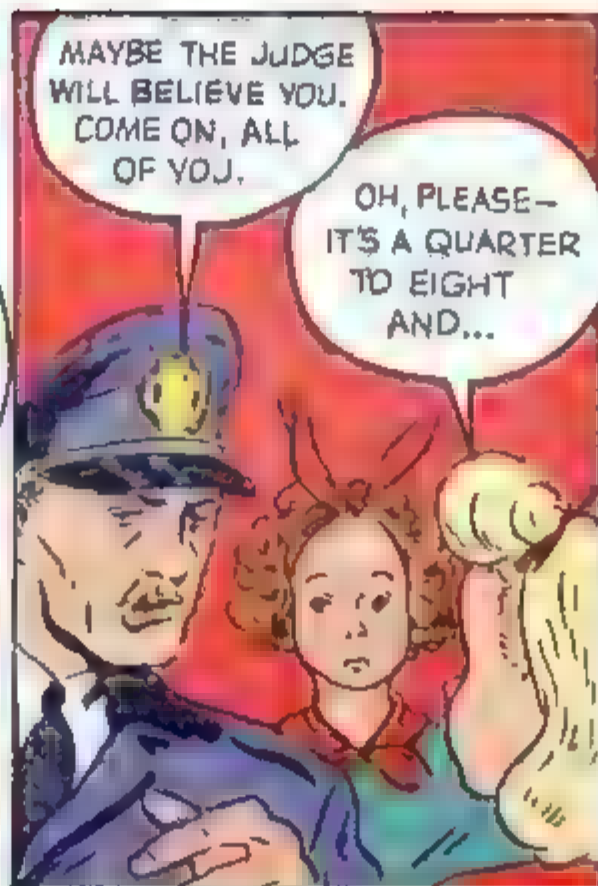




BRRR! WISH I'D PUT MY BOOTS BACK ON... THE WATERS COLD!

THAT SCARECROW MUST BE ABLE TO SWIM.

BUT OFFICER, CAN'T YOU TAKE MY WORD FOR IT?



MAYBE THE JUDGE WILL BELIEVE YOU. COME ON, ALL OF YOU.

OH, PLEASE—IT'S A QUARTER TO EIGHT AND...



I'VE GOT IT! SEE, OFFICER?

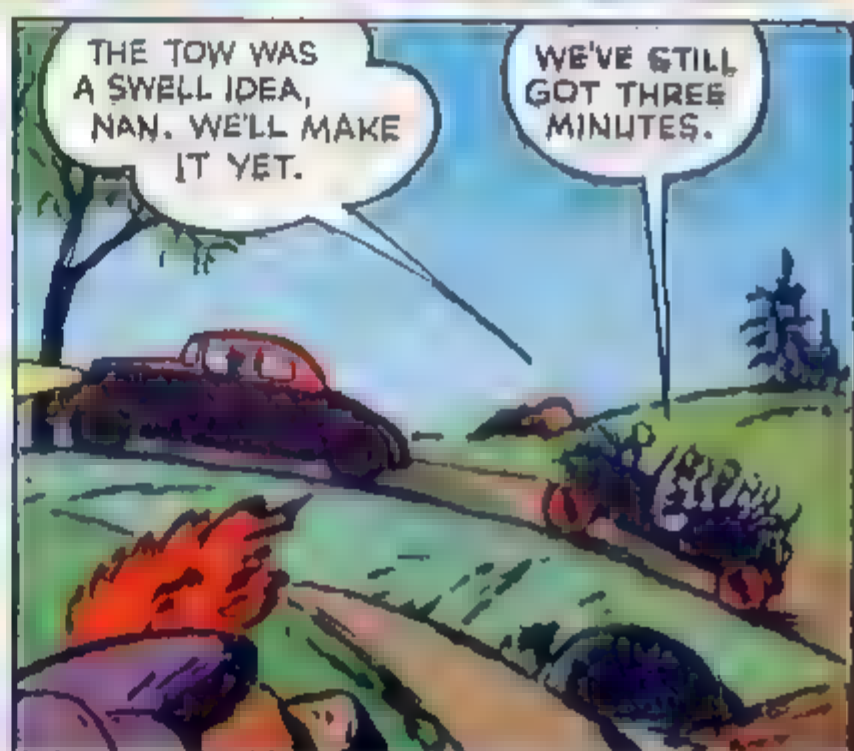
WELL, WELL—WHITE SWEATER AND EVERYTHING. GUESS YOU KIDS WERE RIGHT AFTER ALL.



...AND IF YOU DON'T, WE'LL BE TOO LATE.

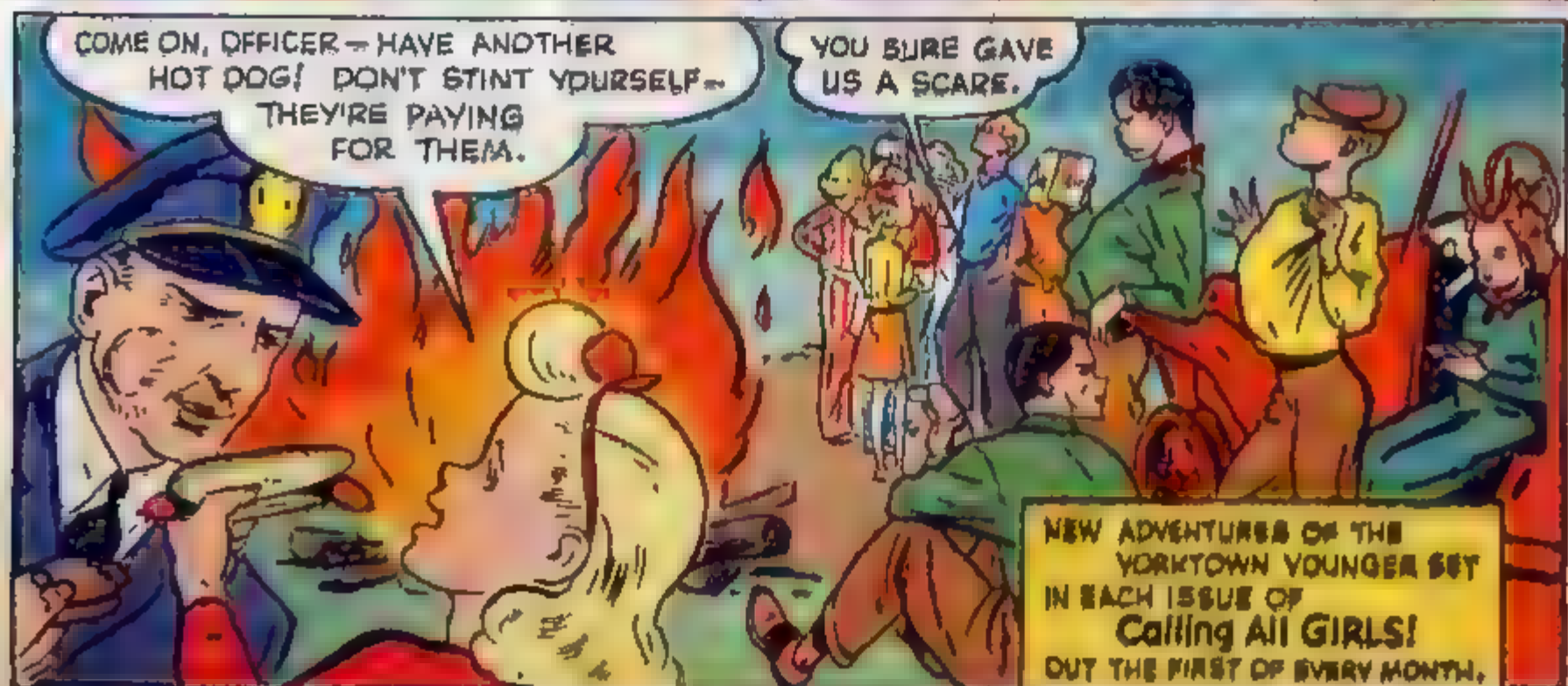
PLEASE, OFFICER.

O.K, COME ON. BUT YOU DON'T DESERVE IT, MIND YOU. A SCARECROW!



THE TOW WAS A SWELL IDEA, NAN. WE'LL MAKE IT YET.

WE'VE STILL GOT THREE MINUTES.



COME ON, OFFICER—HAVE ANOTHER HOT DOG! DON'T STINT YOURSELF—THEY'RE PAYING FOR THEM.

YOU SURE GAVE US A SCARE.

NEW ADVENTURES OF THE YORKTOWN YOUNGER SET IN EACH ISSUE OF **Calling All GIRLS!** OUT THE FIRST OF EVERY MONTH.



## BETWEEN THE ACTS

(Continued from page 35)

during summer vacation when he drops in for a visit with Mrs. Ethel Nesbitt, director of the school. Mrs. Nesbitt has been with the school for twenty-four years and she says that her job is not only to educate the children of the theater world but to fit them for any kind of career they may take up later on. Some of the school graduates have turned out to be lawyers, doctors, writers, and Wall Street brokers.

The war has brought a few changes to P.C.S. The pictures of famous stars of the theater that used to hang on the classroom walls have been taken down for safekeeping. The glass doors and windows are taped and air-raid drills are part of the daily routine. The girls and boys flock to their First Aid courses and do their stint at the famous Theater Wing Canteen, where they wait

on tables or help entertain.

The Canteen is probably the most star-studded place in the world. Here the soldiers and sailors on leave can get free sandwiches and soft drinks, while they're entertained and waited on by the shining stars of the theater. Along with such celebrities as Katherine Cornell and Lawrence Tibbett, the P.C.S.'ers serve food, work as bus boys, or put on a show for the service men.

It is hard to believe that the youngsters who go to school and work as well could find the time and energy for out-of-school activities. But they do.

Three or four times a year the school paper, appropriately called Backstage, makes its appearance. This is the special job of the graduating class although the stories, jokes, poetry, and art work used in the paper come from students of

all the grades. The staff, which does the typing and mimeographing and, of course, the editing too, is supervised by Miss Wilson, the English teacher. Besides the school paper, the entire student body gets together once a year for their Sufolla ("all of us," spelled backwards) Club and run a bazaar to raise money for scholarships. The club has given money to organizations such as the Greater New York Fund, the U.S.O., Red Cross, and United China Relief. This same group also sent \$25 to an ex-P.C.S.'er fighting with the British forces, and every year they subscribe to three magazines for the school.

The Professional Children's School occupies a warm spot in the heart of every graduate. The alumni of this unusual school publish a bi-monthly magazine so they can keep track of each other. Here is listed the whereabouts of the graduates, and a lot of space is devoted to the outstanding successes of P.C.S.'ers in their professions. Because of their jobs, it is hard to get enough graduates in one place at the same time to have a school reunion.

Classmates are very apt to meet each other unexpectedly in the dressing rooms of a movie lot, at a line-up of talent for a night club show, or at the casting of a new Broadway play. In fact, wherever there is grease paint, sawdust, spotlights, or a microphone.

Life for a P.C.S. pupil is more exciting than an ordinary pupil's school life, but these young professionals probably envy you some things. It's true that they meet famous people and enjoy the thrill of the theater, but they haven't the freedom you take for granted and they can't go in for as many activities as you because school and hard work fill their days. Not that you'd ever hear them complain! They're too proud of being professionals and of upholding the reputation of "troupers."

"Oh! I forgot," and once again that guilty sensation creeps over us, as we realize our unreliableness. So often this happens to us. What would happen if the men trying to keep our country free forgot their orders? Many disastrous things might occur. Even we teen-agers put people out by forgetting.

Once I was asked to invite my mother to a tea and I forgot to tell her. It just happened that some lady had invited her to another tea on the same day. You can imagine the embarrassing results for Mother and me.

Sometimes forgetting little things has serious consequences. A clerk, in making a list of articles that were to be admitted to the United States free of duty, forgot to put the hyphen in bread-fruit, with the result that bread and fruit were admitted without taxation for some time. Because someone forgot a small hyphen Uncle Sam lost a considerable amount of money.

But these are just examples. We've all had it happen too many times, so let us all "Remember! Not to forget."

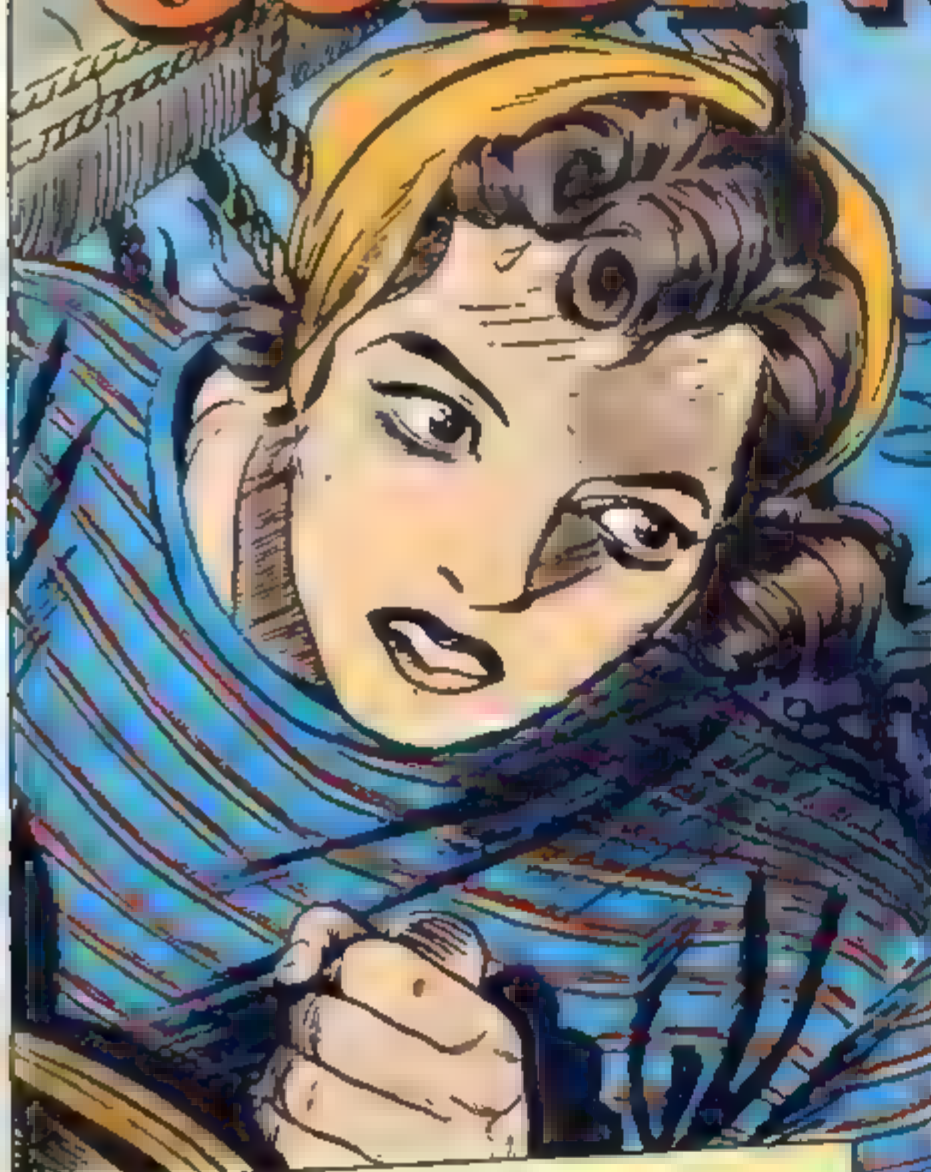
By YVONNE JOHNSON, aged 13, Wolseley, Saskatchewan

"Susan" is every girl who reads this magazine. Would you like to write "Susan Says"—? This month write 150 words on "What I like about my best friend." Entries must reach us by November 30th. Each month we will print and will pay \$3.00 for the best "Susan Says" contribution from a girl reader. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned. All of them become the property of CALLING ALL GIRLS. Address Susan, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 32 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y.



# GUIDING STAR

THROUGH SUB-INFESTED SEAS, JUDY HALL, SINGLE-HANDED, SAILS HER 40-FOOT BOAT TO CARRY SUPPLIES FROM HONOLULU TO A HOSPITAL ON ONE OF THE SMALLER HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.



FIVE YEARS AGO...

COME ON, JUDY, DON'T BE AFRAID.

NO! BOATS TERRIFY ME. I'LL NEVER GO OUT ON THE WATER.



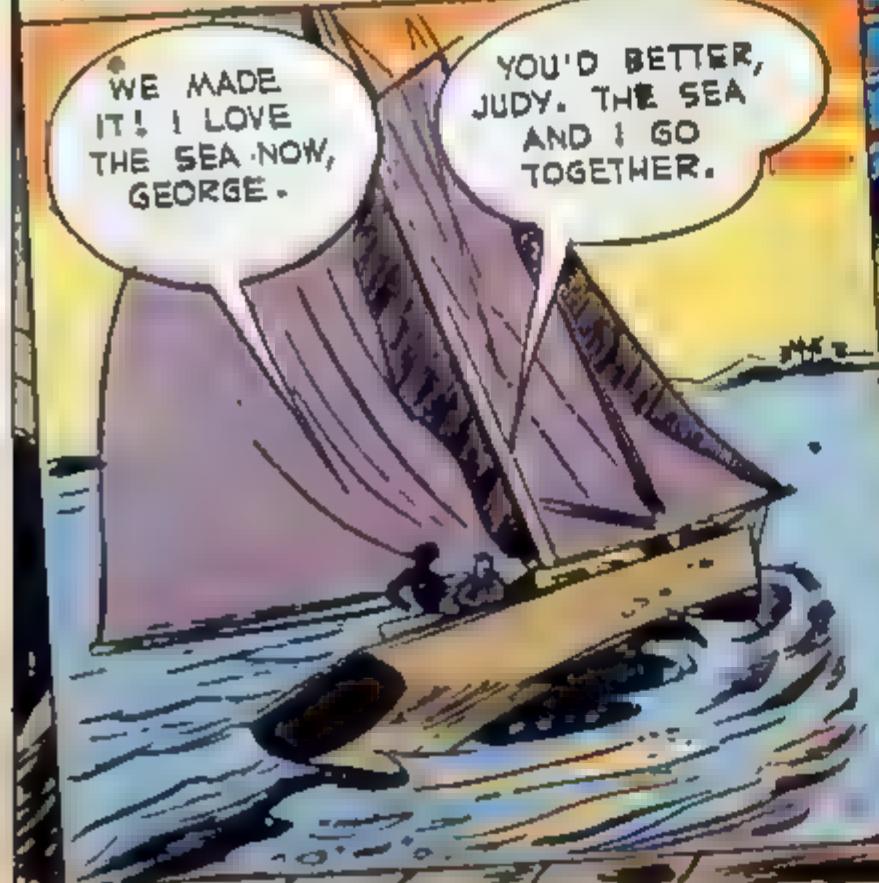
IN 1941, SHE MARRIED GEORGE HALL AND SAILED TO HAWAII IN HIS BOAT.

WE MADE IT! I LOVE THE SEA NOW, GEORGE.

YOU'D BETTER, JUDY. THE SEA AND I GO TOGETHER.

WHY DON'T WE MAKE A BUSINESS OF SAILING TOURISTS AROUND THE ISLAND?

FINE! THERE'S NOTHING I'D LIKE BETTER.





JUDY AND GEORGE  
SOON WORKED UP  
A SUCCESSFUL  
TOURIST BUSINESS.

SAY, YOU JUST  
MISSED THAT REEF,  
MRS. HALL.

YOU HAVE  
TO BE GOOD TO  
JUST MISS THEM.  
THE CHANNELS  
ARE NARROW  
HERE.

GEORGE HAS TAUGHT  
ME ALL I KNOW ABOUT  
SAILING. I'M GOING TO  
TAKE MY SKIPPER'S  
TEST SOON.

LATER...

CONGRATULATIONS, MRS.  
HALL. YOU'RE THE FIRST PERSON  
EVER TO MAKE 100% ON  
THE SKIPPER TEST!

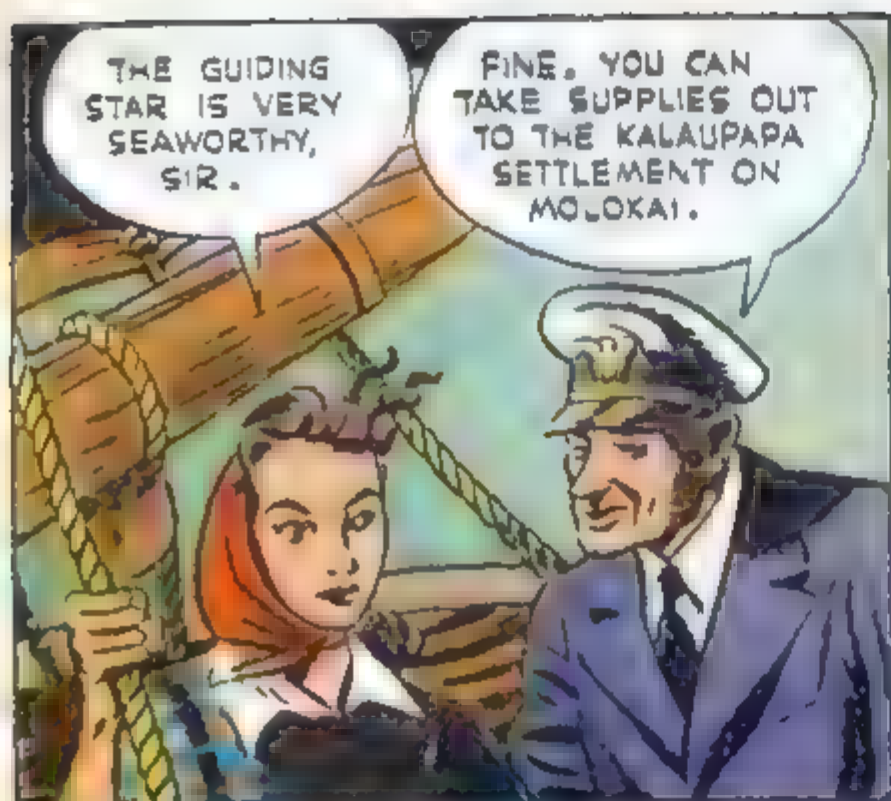
THEN CAME THE FATEFUL SUNDAY WHEN JAPAN  
ATTACKED PEARL HARBOR, TEN MILES FROM  
WHERE THE HALL'S SAILBOAT WAS MOORED.

LET'S VOLUNTEER  
TO TAKE SUPPLIES  
TO THE OTHER  
ISLANDS. FREIGHTERS  
WILL BE NEEDED FOR  
WAR MATERIALS.

YOU CAN USE  
THE GUIDING  
STAR. I'LL USE  
ANOTHER  
BOAT.

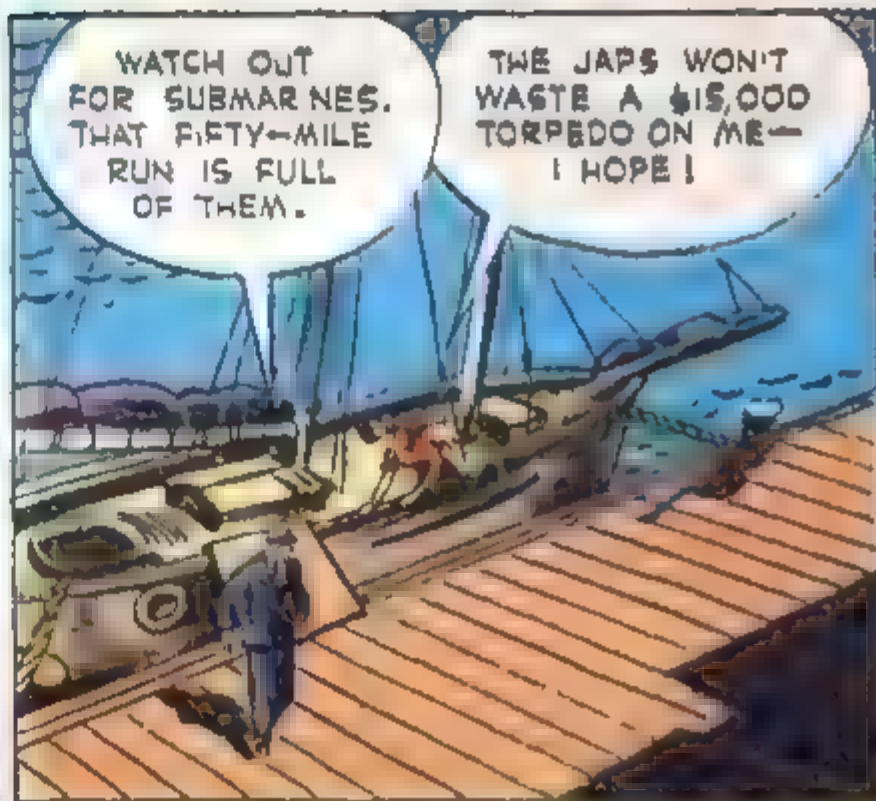
BLACKOUT  
TONIGHT  
6:30





THE GUIDING  
STAR IS VERY  
SEAWORTHY,  
SIR.

FINE. YOU CAN  
TAKE SUPPLIES OUT  
TO THE KALAUPAPA  
SETTLEMENT ON  
MOLOKAI.

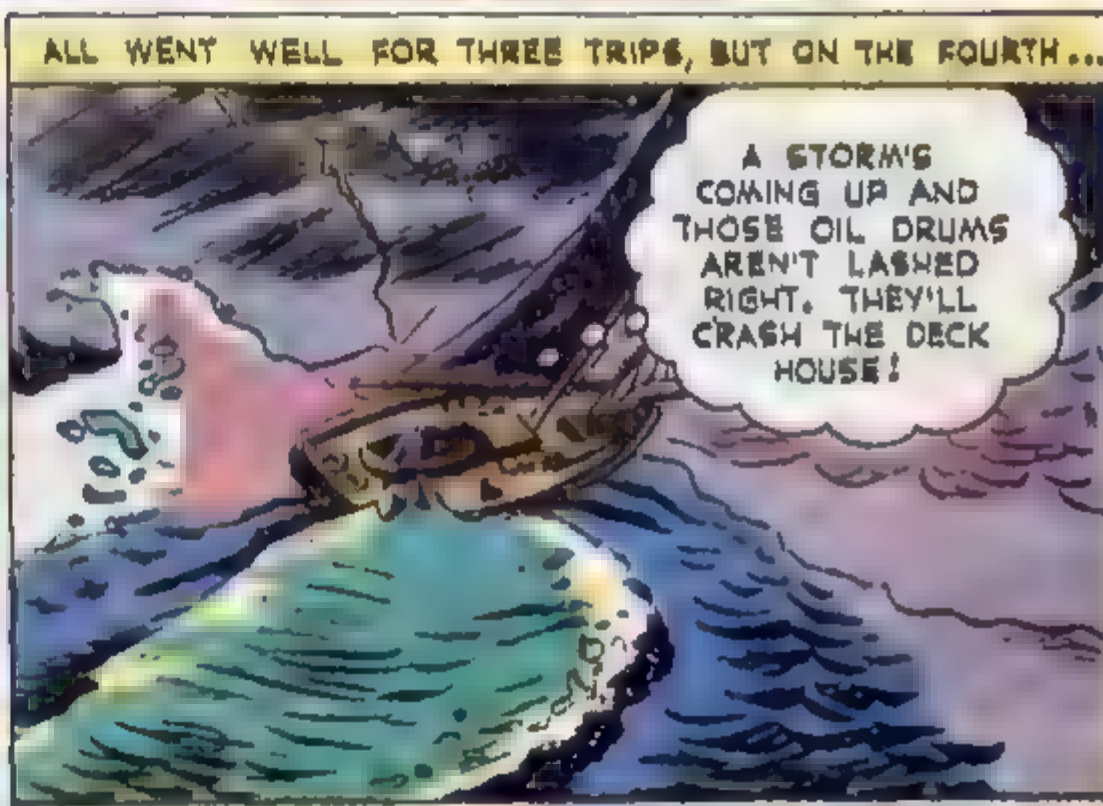


WATCH OUT  
FOR SUBMARINES.  
THAT FIFTY-MILE  
RUN IS FULL  
OF THEM.

THE JAPS WON'T  
WASTE A \$15,000  
TORPEDO ON ME—  
I HOPE!

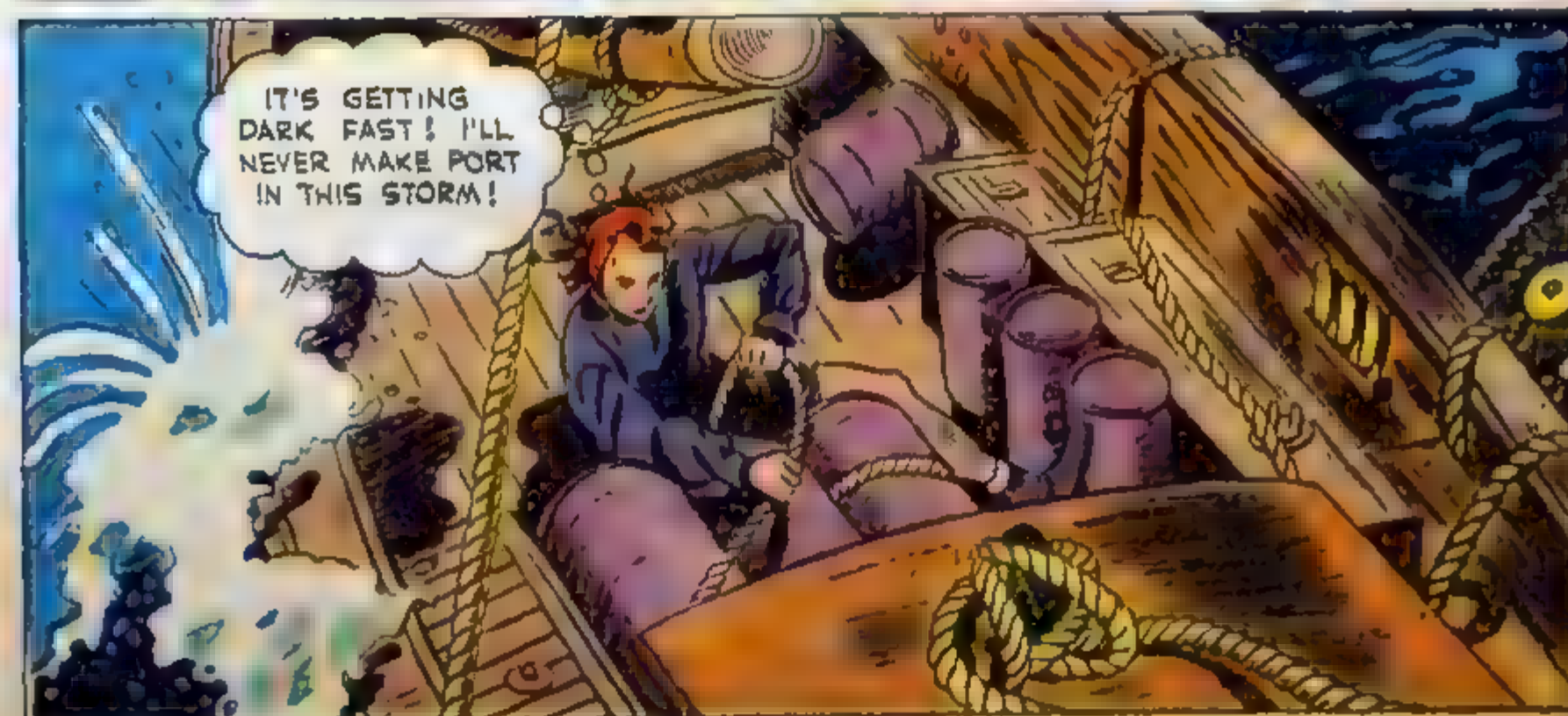


NO NIGHT SAILING;  
REMEMBER. YOU'RE  
TOO APT TO MEET A  
SUB ON SURFACE AND  
BE MACHINE-  
GUNNED!



ALL WENT WELL FOR THREE TRIPS, BUT ON THE FOURTH...

A STORM'S  
COMING UP AND  
THOSE OIL DRUMS  
AREN'T LASHED  
RIGHT. THEY'LL  
CRASH THE DECK  
HOUSE!



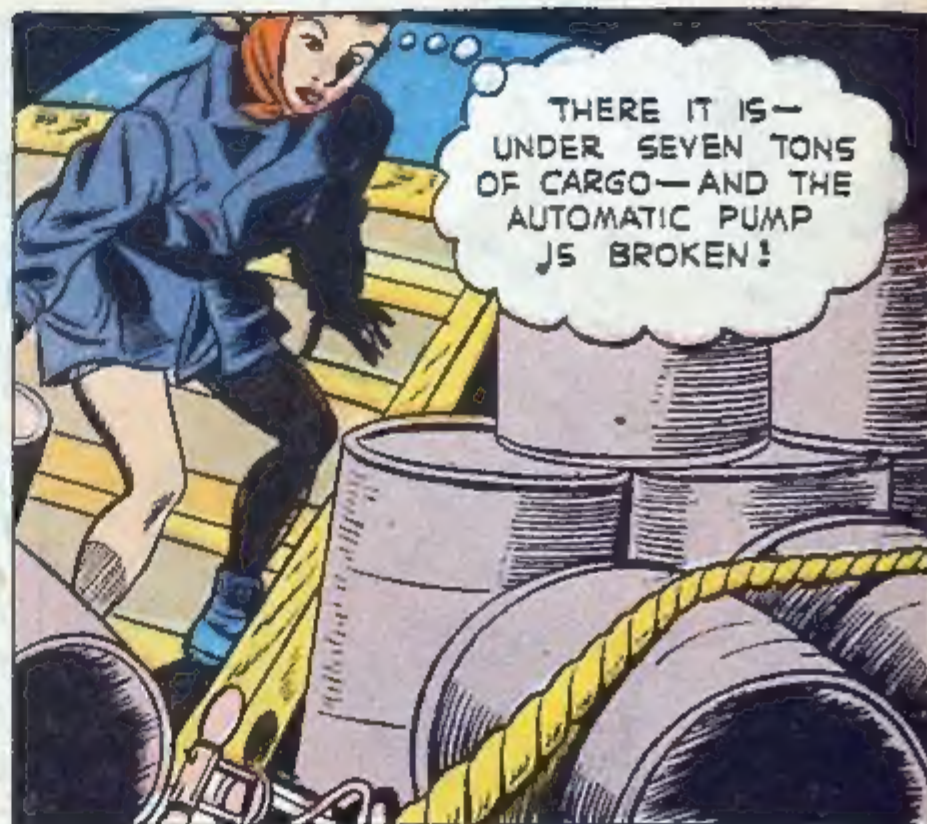
IT'S GETTING  
DARK FAST! I'LL  
NEVER MAKE PORT  
IN THIS STORM!



DOWN IN THE HOLD, JUDY FOUND MORE TROUBLE.



THE HAND  
PUMP'S JAMMED!  
IF I COULD ONLY  
FIND THE FOOT  
PUMP.

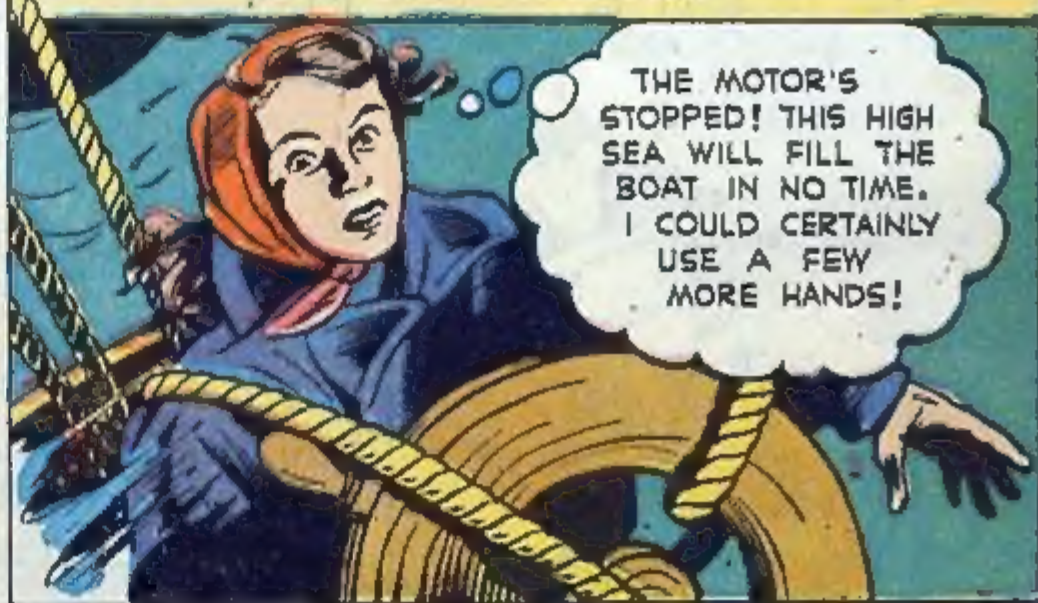


THERE IT IS—  
UNDER SEVEN TONS  
OF CARGO—AND THE  
AUTOMATIC PUMP  
IS BROKEN!

FINALLY SHE HAD TO BAIL WITH A  
BUCKET. SHE WORKED THE SKIN OFF  
HER HANDS.



JUDY TIED HERSELF TO THE WHEEL TO KEEP FROM  
BEING SWEEPED OVERBOARD.



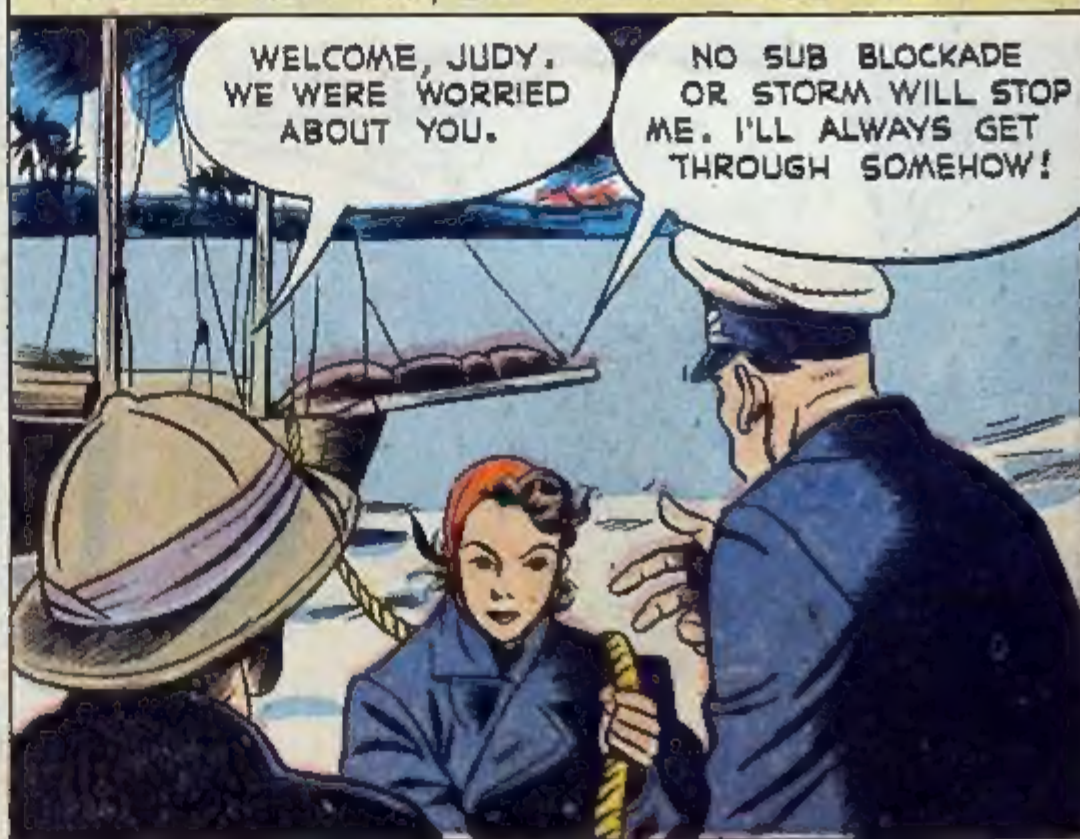
THE MOTOR'S  
STOPPED! THIS HIGH  
SEA WILL FILL THE  
BOAT IN NO TIME.  
I COULD CERTAINLY  
USE A FEW  
MORE HANDS!

NO ENGINE, NO RADIO, NO PUMPS—  
JUDY HOISTED SAIL AND TACKED  
BACK AND FORTH OUTSIDE THE  
REEFS ALL NIGHT.



I MUST STAY  
AWAKE AND OFF  
THE REEFS.

LATE THE NEXT DAY, SHE FINALLY MADE PORT.



WELCOME, JUDY.  
WE WERE WORRIED  
ABOUT YOU.

NO SUB BLOCKADE  
OR STORM WILL STOP  
ME. I'LL ALWAYS GET  
THROUGH SOMEHOW!



# I ASK YOU... WHY DON'T YOU SUBSCRIBE TO CALLING ALL GIRLS?

Don't look for sympathy when your friends hold on to their own copies and won't lend them until they're all worn to a frazzle. They are just as crazy about CALLING ALL GIRLS as you are. Be smart! Subscribe and get your own fresh copy as soon as it's published each month. It will be mailed right to your home, or camp, or school, and you'll never be disappointed by finding the newsdealer is sold out, or that there isn't a single copy around just when you're dying to know what happens next in "Mystery at the Lookout."

And haven't you discovered yet that you save money by subscribing? Here you've been giving out with 10c for each copy, when you could get it for a whole year . . . 12 issues . . . for only \$1. In these times, every saving counts!

And look what you get! In the next twelve issues you'll get about 50 wonderful comics, 25 short stories, not to mention the super-thrilling continued mystery story, at least 36 pages of fashion suggestions, plus the usual swell assortment of news pictures, articles, good looks, etiquette and movie features. And don't forget the prize contests that are coming! No matter how you add it up, a year's subscription to CALLING ALL GIRLS is a big dollar's worth of any girl's money!\*

\*What, no money? Well, perhaps a hint dropped or a little persuasion will bring you a dollar or a gift subscription from some kind friend or relative. You might try it!



**EACH MAGAZINE \$1 PER YEAR  
BOTH FOR \$1.85**

## THE PARENTS' MAGAZINE PRESS 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y.

CAG-12

Please enter a year's subscription as follows: (I enclose payment, plus 20c per magazine if address is in Canada or a foreign country.)

- ☐ \$1. for CALLING ALL GIRLS      ☐ \$1.85 for both CALLING ALL  
☐ \$1. for TRUE COMICS†      GIRLS and TRUE COMICS†

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Subscription(s) sent in by: ☐ Check here if gift card is to be sent.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....



# CHOOSE YOUR PRIZE!

## Get it the American Way



### "TAKE-ME-ALONG" GIRL'S OVER-NIGHT CASE.

The smartest new travel aid, with dozens of uses. Alligator grain covering, mirror in lid, trinket tray. Sell only one order.

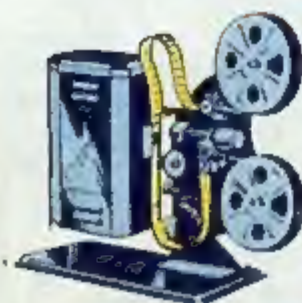


### NEW TYPE

CANDID CAMERA Easy to focus, quick in operation. Given for selling only one order.



WRIST WATCH for boys, girls, men and women. Given for selling only one order, plus 75c extra.



ELECTRIC MOVIE OUT. FIT with film. Given for selling only one order, plus 50c extra Show movies at home.

### GENE AUTRY COMPLETE HOLSTER SET



You can be a straight shootin cowboy with this Gene Autry holster, cap pistol, handkerchief and hat. All given for selling only one order of Xmas Packs.



YALE FOOTBALL SET Official size football and pump given for selling only one order.



### U. S. ARMY OUTFIT Belt, holster and army Colt Repeater cap pistol.

Given for selling only one order



Live Canary

Given for selling only one order. Sent expressage collect SAFE DELIVERY GUARANTEED.



VICTORY LIGHT Easily carried flashlight with three lenses.

WHITE for regular use, RED for warning, BLUE for black-outs. Complete with batteries, for selling only one order.



### VICTORY WATCH & FOB

Newest type watch with track dial & red second indicator Sell only one order

OTHER PRIZES YOU CAN GET by our plan, as explained in our Big Prize Catalog.

Airplanes  
Toilet & Manicure Set  
Ice Skates  
Electric Football Game  
Gene Autry Guitar  
Mantle Clock  
Electric Lamp  
G-Man Set  
"Sleepy-head" Doll  
Chemistry Set  
32-pc. Dinner Set  
World Globe

## GET YOUR PRIZE THIS EASY "AMERICAN" WAY!

BOYS! GIRLS! Do like thousands of others. Get swell prizes for yourself and gifts for Mother and Dad.

Most prizes shown above and dozens of others in our Big Prize Catalog are GIVEN WITHOUT A CENT OF COST for selling 40 Xmas Packs at 10c each. Some of the bigger prizes require extra money as stated in BIG PRIZE CATALOG.

It is easy to sell these Xmas Packs to your family, friends, and neighbors. Each pack contains 2 Beautiful Xmas Cards, 2 Envelopes and 24 sparkling Xmas Seals. When sold, send us the money and choose your prize from our Big Prize Catalog.

Mail the coupon today for Xmas Packs and our Big Prize Catalog—tell us what prize you want. SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU.

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 531, Lancaster, Pa.





CALLING ALL GIRLS #12 PAGES 1/42

TURB DUDY KAREH ?  
OKSNER ?

JEVA \*

RICO - FACULTY + 1/2 ELON ?  
SPARKING  
+ ASHE

GLAVENF